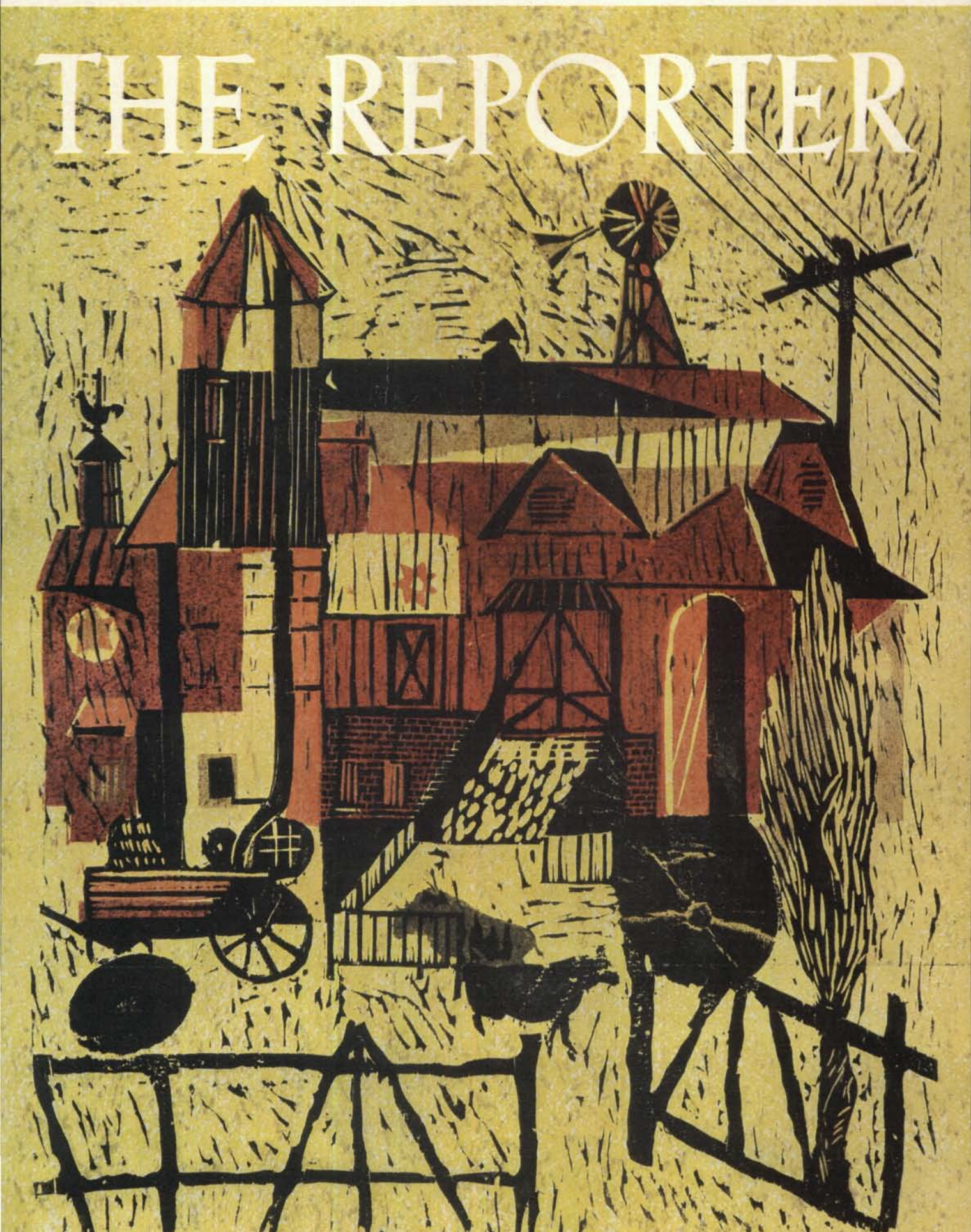
The Conservative Revolution

oc September 24, 1964 35¢

The Soviet Submarine Threat

THE REPORTER



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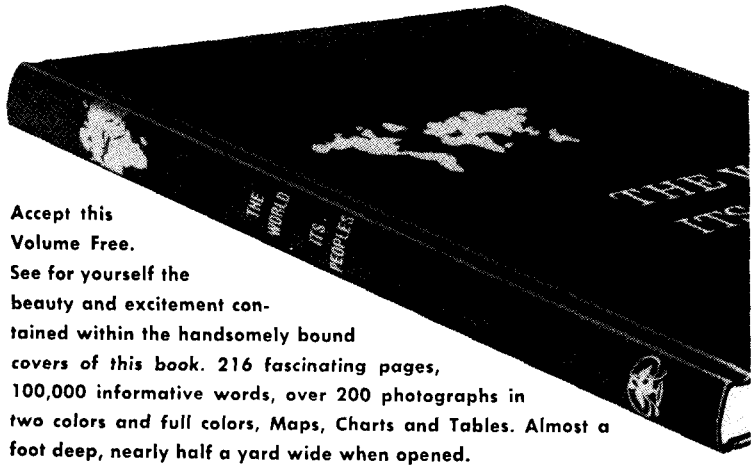

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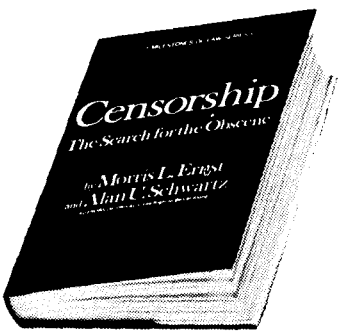

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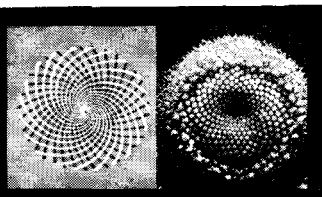

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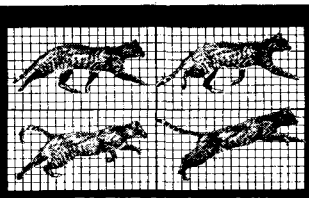

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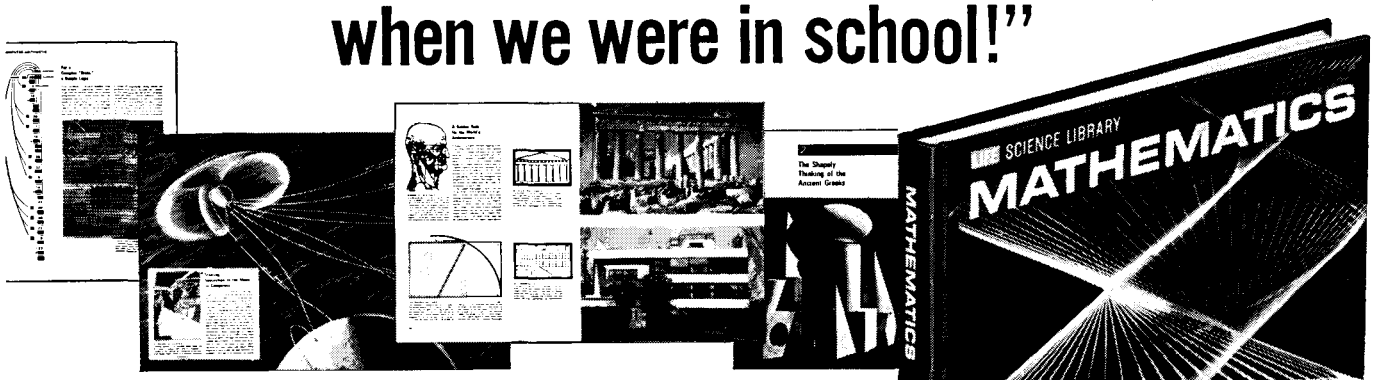

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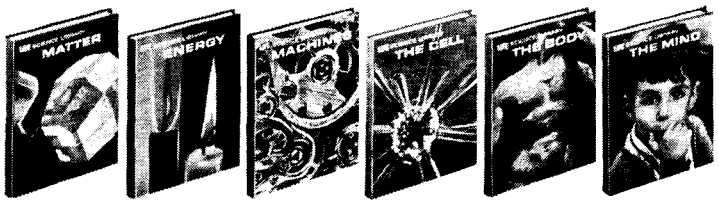

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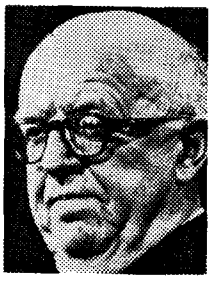

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DOCTRINAIRE politicians have never gotten very far in this country, and the major parties have always done more to soften than to sharpen the differences among us. The extraordinary nature of this year's Presidential campaign lies in the fact that one major candidate is challenging the way political affairs in this country have been conducted by different administrations for at least a generation. The fire and brimstone of an almost theological passion are in the air, and **Max Ascoli's** editorial analyzes the unprecedented and bewildering character of this Presidential contest.

The passion of our new right-wing radicals has produced an atmosphere of odium and rumor. Indeed, some of the stories told are so outrageous as to deafen our ears even to responsible criticism of public officials. It was an unpleasant task at best, but **Meg Greenfield,** our Washington Correspondent, has been examining that portion of the subterranean attack on President Johnson which has found its way into print. Naturally she was not able to check all the accusations against the facts, but her report should allow the reader to form his own critical judgment on the current status of the fine art of President-baiting.

THE economic decline in Italy has taken on crisis proportions that have severely strained the experimental partnership of Christian Democrats and Socialists. **Claire Sterling** reports from Rome that the Socialists' reaction to the task of saving Italian capitalism holds the key to the country's stability. . . . The first important election since the passage of the Civil Rights Act provided a test of voter reaction to the racial issue in Tennessee's Democratic primary last month for the seat of the late Senator Estes Kefauver. The result was an upset victory for Representative Ross Bass, who had voted for the act, over Governor Frank G. Clement, who opposed it. **Bill Kovach,** state capitol reporter for the Nashville *Tennessean,* concludes that in Tennessee, at any rate, the backlash is not a decisive issue. . . . The shift in Soviet submarine strategy from defensive subs to offensive missile-firing craft has raised anti-submarine warfare measures to top priority in the Pentagon. **Hanson W. Baldwin,** military correspondent of the New York *Times,* analyzes the political and strategic consequences of the change. . . . **Denis Warner,** the Australian journalist whose reports from Southeast Asia appear frequently in these pages, reviews the contest for power in Thailand since the death of the colorful Marshal Sarit. . . . The Supreme Court throughout its history has drawn fire from the other branches of government, and the recent reapportionment decision has revived the attacks. **Alpheus Thomas Mason,** McCormick Professor of Jurisprudence at Princeton and author of *The States Rights Debate* (Prentice-Hall), reviews the debate over the court's proper role. The decision that provoked the current controversy will be discussed in detail in our next issue. . . . **Peter Schmid,** a Swiss journalist, observed Soviet penetration of Somalia at first hand in a three-week visit to that country this summer.

William Saroyan's continuing reflections on the human comedy contain many moving passages about children, as does his recent novel *One Day in the Afternoon of the World* (Harcourt, Brace & World). . . . **Stevie Smith,** novelist and poet, lives in London. Also an artist, she illustrated her *Selected Poems,* published by New Directions as a Paperback Original. . . . A former editor of *High Fidelity,* **John M. Conly** has turned to free-lance writing. . . . Shakespeare's anniversary year has produced a flood of books, some of them ambitiously determined to shed light on the shadowy details of his life —a perilous business, as **David Littlejohn,** who teaches English at the University of California at Berkeley, points out. . . . The Chilean cartoonist **Fernando Krahn** views a campaign hazard. . . . Michelangelo's life is well documented, including an ample personal correspondence of the master. This has now been published for the first time in English and is reviewed by **Sidney Alexander,** who has recently returned to Florence where he wrote his fictionalized biography of Michelangelo published by Random House. . . . The Rev. **Andrew M. Greeley** is senior study director at the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago.

Our cover for this issue is by **Rocco Negro.**

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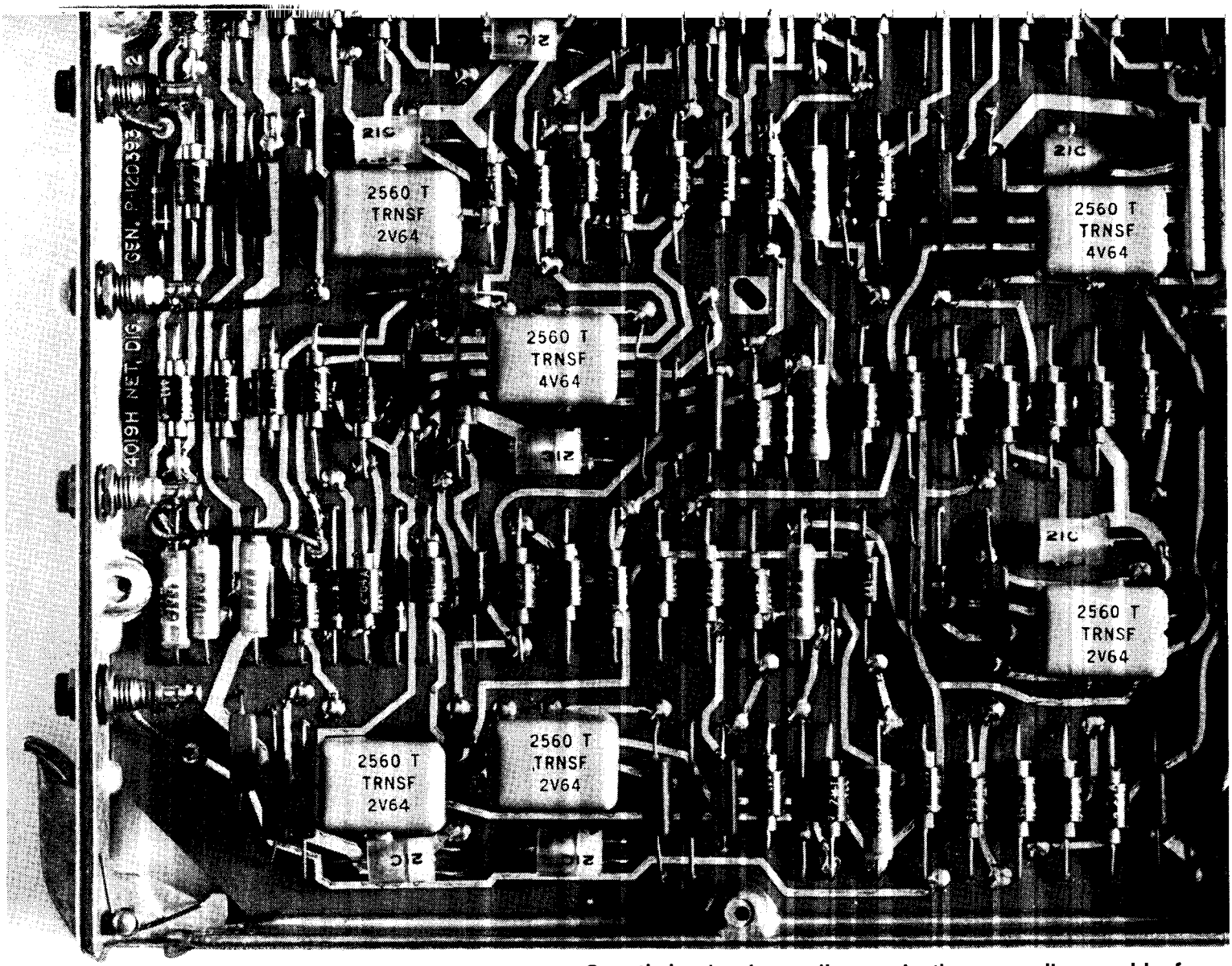

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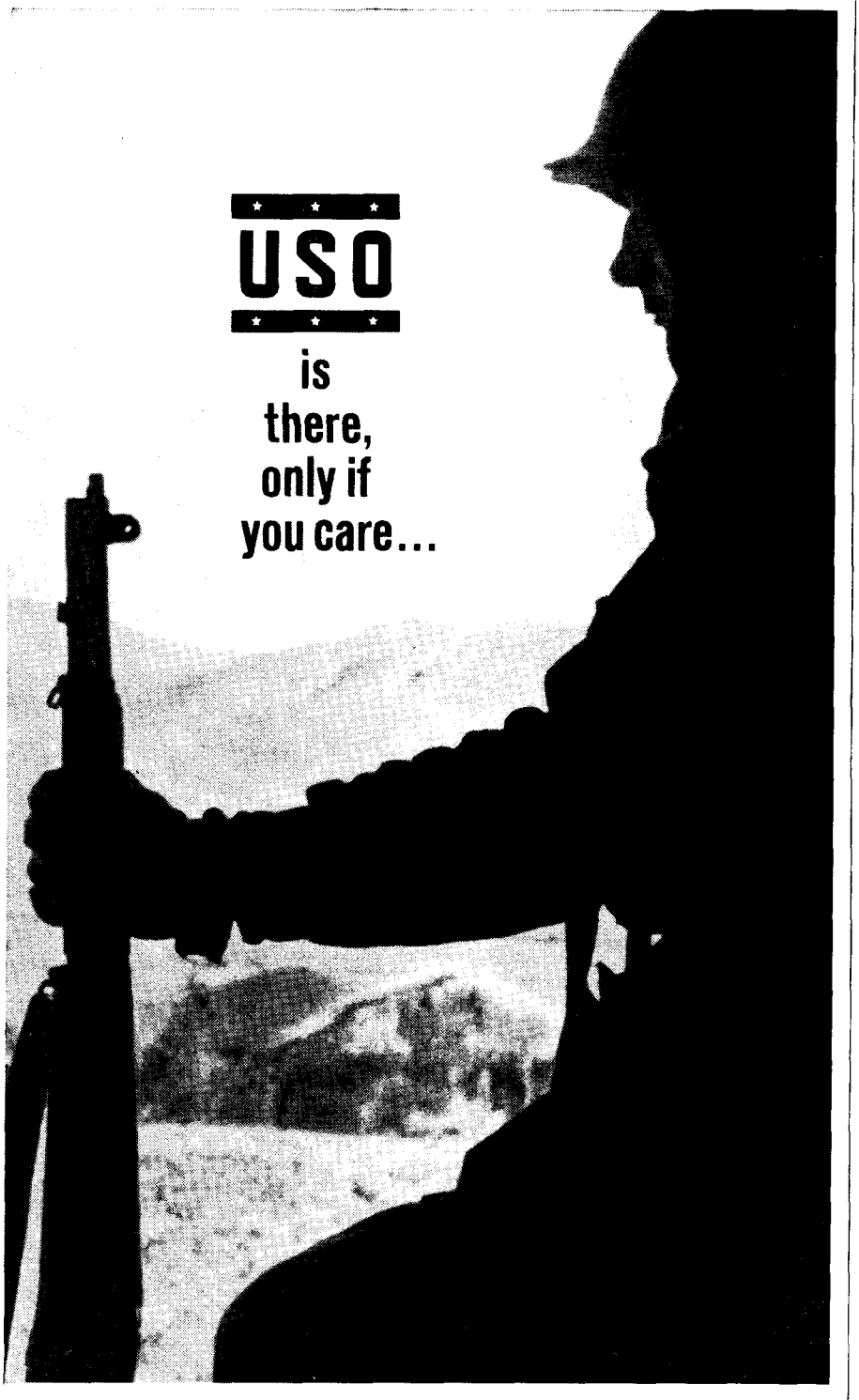

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REJECTION IN CHESTERTON

To the Editor: Victor Hoffmann and John Strietelmeier ("Gary's Rank-and-File Reaction," *The Reporter*, September 10) have focused on an interesting event in a peculiar corner of Indiana, to which I would like to add a personal footnote.

In 1960, I was looking for a home in Chesterton, Indiana, which is in "neighboring Porter County." Chesterton is the home of a number of Gary steelworkers and is full of first- and second-generation Americans. We were proudly told of the steel-mill expansion into Porter County and the coming deep-water port. Just as proudly were we told that no Negroes lived in Chesterton. It seemed cruel to bring up what was obvious: that the economic development and the deep-water port would bring Negroes into Porter County. Certainly there was plenty of hostility among these folks toward the Negro, despite the fact that he was not present in Chesterton.

The authors' focus on the Democratic primary might have been a little misleading. Readers might want to remember that the area around Gary is the tightly controlled bailiwick of Representative Charles Halleck, whose public position on the racial issue seems to me to be a carefully avoided blank. Chestertonians seemed to think, though, that Halleck could be counted on to "help keep 'em out."

There's a curious one-eyed blindness in these areas that wants to have all the advantages of economic growth and none of the real or imagined disadvantages. It was clear that for many people in this area, the movement of steel mills into the Porter County shore area was desirable not only for the economic effect but also because it would block the increasing usage of Indiana lakeshore bathing facilities by "those Chicago colored."

KENNETH R. MITCHELL, Chaplain
Vanderbilt University Hospital
Nashville, Tennessee

GOLDWATER'S RECLAMATION

To the Editor: Trying to bring some order to the inconsistent rationalizations and exercises in semantics of the Republican Presidential nominee is often a thankless and sometimes an impossible task, but Don Oberdorfer ("CAP and TVA: Barry's Fine Distinction," *The Reporter*, September 10) has done a highly commendable job. Apart from Goldwater's flimsy attempt to distinguish between a Federal investment and a Federal loan, both of which must be repaid with what amounts to interest, it is apparent that the senator believes in the reclamation of land (which he prefers to call "irrigation") but opposes the reclamation of human lives. The reader, who in a very few weeks will become the voter, is left to decide

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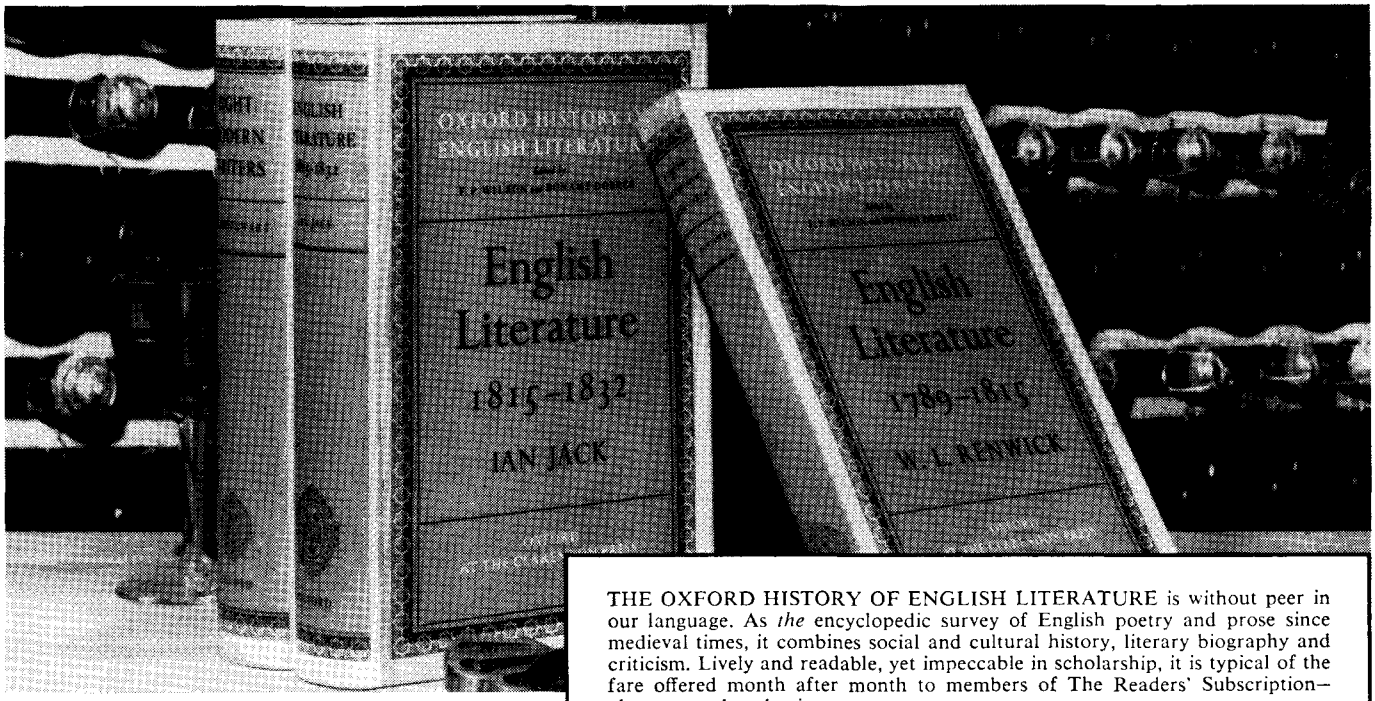

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whether Goldwater's views on Federal public-works projects were influenced by the fact that the land in question happened to be located in Arizona.

EUGENE O. REISS
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

OVERDUE CREDIT

To the Editor: I would like to know the contributors of some welcome pieces of artwork in the September 10 *Reporter:* the trio of Negro men standing grave and ominous in front of a collection of weathered New York theatrical posters and taking up all of page 25, and the masterly, diabolical pen-and-ink sketches on pages 39 and 43 dramatizing the pollution of "The Air Around Us," by C. W. Griffin, Jr.

GEORGE SUTHERLAND
San Francisco

[*The full-page drawing is by Bill Berry, whose black-on-black signature failed to reproduce; the black devils are by the German social cartoonist Heinrich Kley, whose best-known work appeared in* Die Jugend *and* Simplizissimus *around 1910. The smaller Kley drawing was entitled "What a Stench!"; the larger, though equally appropriate to air pollution, was called "Work Stoppage."*]

INVASION OF PRIVACY

To the Editor: Walter Pincus' article "The Fat Cats Are Hard to Find" (*The Reporter,* August 13) casually mentioned that Republican state chairmen who supply lists of registered voters will receive IBM cards identifying the voters by residence and income.

I am a registered Republican of average income, and I resent the implications inherent in this action. There is enough intrusion into privacy without the state chairman, and conceivably local politicians, knowing the income of constituents.

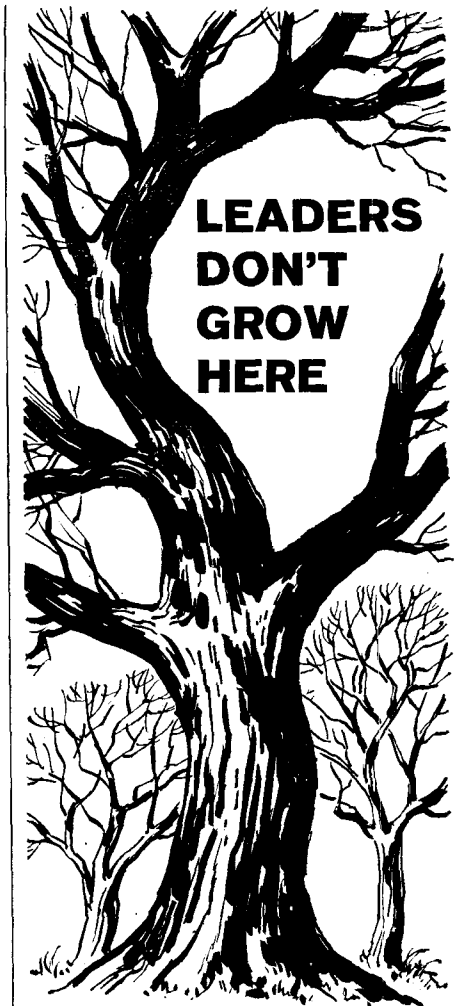
It is ironic that the party which is loudly preaching the sanctity of the individual should be the one which uses a matter of a personal nature to raise funds.

S. L. SMITH
Evanston, Illinois

PICKING A BONE

To the Editor: In Alfred Kazin's article "The Eloquence of Failure" (*The Reporter,* August 13), the most eloquent testimony to Edward Dahlberg's failure to be popular is Mr. Kazin's own inaccuracy in citing one of his book titles. The title, which appears twice as *Do These Bones Live,* is actually *Can These Bones Live.* Poor old bones—it doesn't look as though they can.

This small irony, however, doesn't obscure the fact that Mr. Kazin had something important to say, and said it well. The fear of failure and the avoidance of it at all costs is paralyzing the growth of knowledge. It is responsible for the present crop of footnoters teaching at our universities, who have lost the realization that one big thundering failure can be more valuable intellec-



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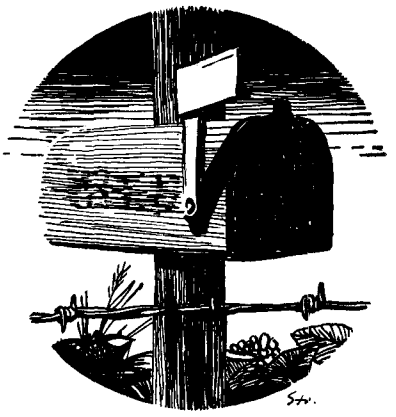
tually than a series of timorous successes. The monetary value of failure, unfortunately, doesn't work out quite that way.

MARTHA H. HOWARD
Harvard University

[*Irony will not suffice in this instance. Mr. Kazin correctly identified the title in his manuscript as* Can These Bones Live. *In changing it to* Do These Bones Live, *we relied upon Mr. Dahlberg's autobiographical statement in* Twentieth Century Authors.]



THE CHILEAN ELECTION

To the Editor: As a dedicated reader of *The Reporter* ever since my undergraduate days at Yale, I feel compelled to comment on Stanley Rothman's "The Choice in Chile: Left or Far Left?" (*The Reporter*, July 2), which has just reached me.

Mr. Rothman unfortunately indulges in what has now become American journalism's classic fashion of reporting news in countries south of the Rio Grande. It's all about the four per cent of the population owning most of the land and earning more than half the national income, "while the peasants are landless, or work plots that are too small to yield more than mere subsistence." It so happens that there is a great deal more, that the explanation for what is going on in every Hispano-American country is far more complex than the rather trite story of the few rich bad guys and the many poor good guys.

While it is true that Chile has very serious land and peasant problems, Mr. Rothman fails to say that a major factor in Senator Allende's strength is not necessarily a violent peasantry as much as a despairing middle class. Whereas a poor and backward peasantry can easily be led into believing in Marxist-inspired panaceas, it is far more serious and dangerous when a large percentage of middle-class voters—Chile has long differed from other South American countries in that its middle class is strong and numerous—are convinced that the only solution for their problems is the election of an ardent admirer of Mao's China and Fidel's Cuba.

ROBERTO E. ZALLES
Lima, Peru

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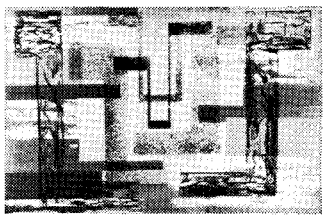

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Kennedy vs. Keating

Among the several reasons that give such a perplexing quality to Robert F. Kennedy's candidacy for the U.S. Senate from New York, the weightiest of all is his name. When a family has been marked to such an extraordinary degree by achievement and tragedy, it loses its privacy—a loss to which all of its members are exposed in direct proportion to the positions of eminence each has attained. Hardly less than the President's widow, Robert Kennedy is the one member of the family who never again will be able to disappear in the crowd. He belongs to the public, and even his personal grief cannot help remaining exposed to the public eye. Sometimes this man, who appears even younger than he is, has the look of a haggard adolescent.

The man has acquired a reputation for remarkable versatility, a fiendish capacity for work, and, it is said, more than a streak of ruthlessness. He is ambitious, and why shouldn't he be? As far as one can judge, he has established an admirable record for himself as Attorney General, and certainly, in pursuing his task in the field of civil rights, he has selected and backed up men of uncommon courage and ability. In his diplomatic extracurricular forays, he has probably been less fortunate, particularly when he had to deal with shady characters like Sukarno or Goulart. But he is far from being the only American whose judgment faltered at the water's edge.

After his brother's death, he had to establish himself on his own. To what extent the positions he achieved and the reputation he acquired were due to his brother's confidence and to what extent he himself contributed to the making of a President probably will never be adequately known. Neither, I must add, does it matter very much. What is certain, and more relevant, is that after the tragedy Robert Kennedy found himself a public figure and acted as if the public owed him an opportunity to exhibit his talents.

An opportunity was offered him to run for the U.S. Senate in New York by some powerful New York politicians who can scarcely be considered champions of idealistic reform. These men told him and the public that the question of residence was of no importance since there is no violation of legal or Constitutional rules. There is, however, at least in my opinion, a violation of old, sensible customs. As long as this remains a union of states, the privilege of representing a state in the U.S. Senate should be reserved for men who have long lived in that state and are thoroughly familiar with its exigencies and needs. A public character in search of a state is a novelty I fail to cherish.

It is good to know that Mr. Kennedy and his family are going to establish their residence on Long Island. New York politics, and particularly Democratic politics, can well afford new public figures, ambitious men who, having thoroughly mastered a knowledge of this state and of its relationships with the rest of the Union, can show their fitness to aspire to national leadership. Mr. Kennedy is young and there is much future ahead of him. But in the present contest for U.S. senator from New York, both the state and nation stand to gain from the re-election of Kenneth Keating, who has given splendid evidence of independence from his party's new bosses.

—Max Ascoli

Checkers Nixon, R.I.P.

It is said that one of Senator Goldwater's most arresting observations in the course of his pre-convention

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Puerto Rican children build a castle out of cartons that brought U.S. products to Puerto Rico. Photograph by Michel Alexis.

The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico now buys more from the U.S. mainland than Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Austria, Denmark, Finland, Sweden and Norway combined

OUR PHOTOGRAPH was taken near San Juan. It makes two points. First, kids—the world over—love to play with boxes. And second, people in Puerto Rico buy quite a variety of products from the U.S. mainland (note the familiar names on the cartons).

Person for person, Puerto Rico is our best customer—by far. Each person in the Commonwealth buys almost *twice as much* from the U.S. as each person in second-place Canada.

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buy him his life

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campaign was that when he mentioned the name of Thomas E. Dewey to audiences of a certain voting age, he drew a blank response: they didn't even know who Dewey was. Similarly, the indifference of the Democrats in Atlantic City to their two-time candidate, Adlai E. Stevenson, and the embarrassing irrelevance of General Eisenhower in San Francisco seem solid evidence of the passing of an era. For us the whole thing was summed up symbolically the other day when we learned that, at the ripe old age of twelve, Checkers Nixon had gone on to her reward.

We are aware that, along with other commentators, we have occasionally been a little premature in bidding an enthusiastic farewell to Checker's master from the political scene to which he has had a dogged way of returning. Still, it seems to us that Richard Nixon may at last be on his way to joining the obsolescent greats of an earlier era, and in his case there is a particular reason why this is so. It used to be said of Nixon, for example, that people didn't like him but that they didn't quite know why. Congressman William E. Miller of Lockport, New York, on the other hand, seems determined that there shall be no such lingering doubt about himself in anybody's mind by the time the campaign has ended.

Here it is only September, and what do we have? We have Mr. Miller saying out loud and right in front of everybody things that Richard Nixon used to be alleged to have said to a rally of four people under a bush somewhere in Montana. To cite an example, Miller has already characterized his opposite number, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, as "a founder of the Americans for Democratic Action, a secret membership organization which preaches a philosophy of foreign socialistic totalitarianism." Not bad for a start. He has also in his well-reported journeyings to the industrial centers of the Middle West played nicely upon racism, fear of foreigners, and protectionist fantasies of the most hair-raising sort. "We have seen how many industries already have been affected adversely; how many jobs have been lost; how many plants have

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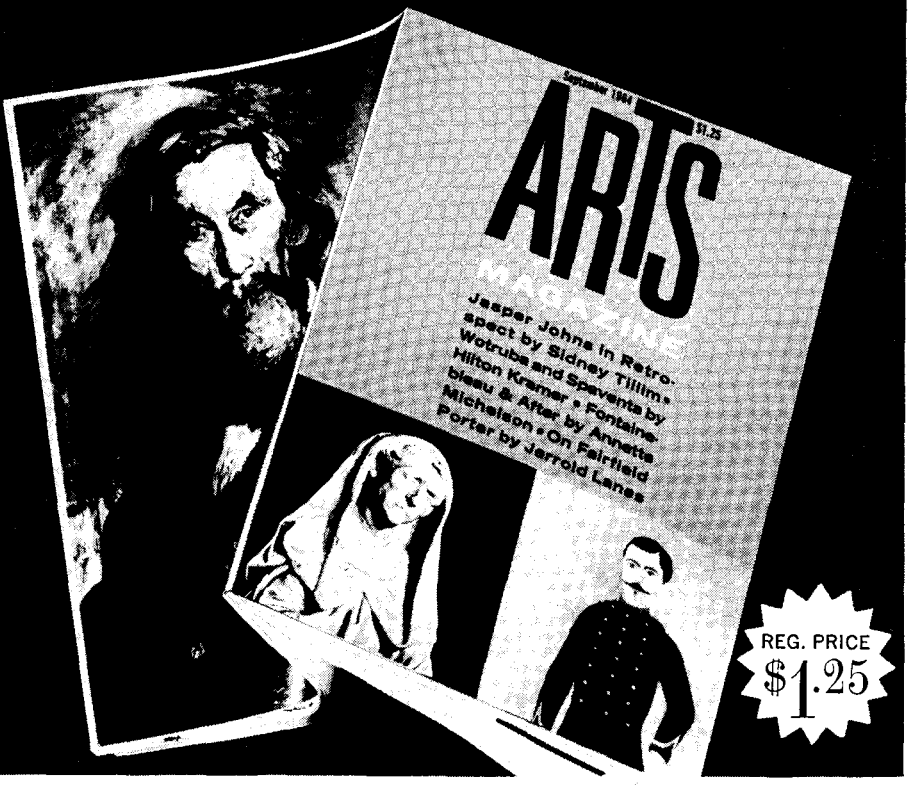
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CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a Madonna and Child by Fra Filippo Lippi, a golden Adoration of the Magi by a Flemish master, flowers by a French Impressionist, a Greek vase painting, a medieval enamel of Saint Michael and the dragon, a decoration of musical instruments from a Renaissance castle, a Rembrandt etching, a Colonial embroidery of birds in a cherry tree, and a Victorian skating party by Winslow Homer are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Museum in limited editions and cost from 5 to 75 cents each. Mail the coupon below, together with 25 cents, for the forty-page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents.

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been closed—from foreign competition," he said in South Bend apropos of reciprocal trade policy. "Do we have to make the same mistakes over and over again?"

At the convention in San Francisco, Senator Goldwater revealed that one of his reasons for selecting Miller to run with him was that Miller got under the President's skin, and possibly it is this sort of thing that is intended to make Lyndon Johnson mad. We don't know whether it will, of course, but we do know that Miller runs the risk of alienating another group of persons—namely those who enjoy the sport of digging and poking and prowling to get quotes of this kind on the record in the first place. Still, we are happy to announce that from the researcher's point of view, Congressman Miller does have a past almost as interesting as his present. Whatever he may have to say about reciprocal trade, for example, he voted for passage of the offending Trade Expansion Act two years ago. And when it comes to quote-hunting, the picture is even brighter. "If we don't elect more Republicans to Congress in 1962, there will be no country to save in 1964," he predicted a few years back. "We will have to look under the rocks to find somebody to take our nomination."

Barry's Remote Control

Senator Goldwater broke off his California vacation to "rush" to Washington, as the wire services reported it, to warn the Senate about the evils and perils of Medicare. To approve a pay-as-you-go program based on the Social Security System, he warned, was to reveal "a contempt for the intelligence and the judgment of our people, a contempt that has hitherto been a chief characteristic of ruling aristocracies in class conscious societies." These ruling aristocracies, as Senator Goldwater reads his history, "from the beginnings of our western civilization, have always regarded the masses, as they contemptuously call the people, as no better than their livestock. . . ." Why, there's no telling where this sort of contumely might end: "Having given our pensioners their medical care in kind,

"HOWEVER COMPLICATED our world may be, it doesn't follow that our choices are in that same degree complicated. In point of fact, the most important choices are, usually, stark and simple. They are not for that reason easy; it is their very simplicity that makes them so difficult. It is just because *they come to plain black or white, Yes or No, that we have such a painful time over them."*

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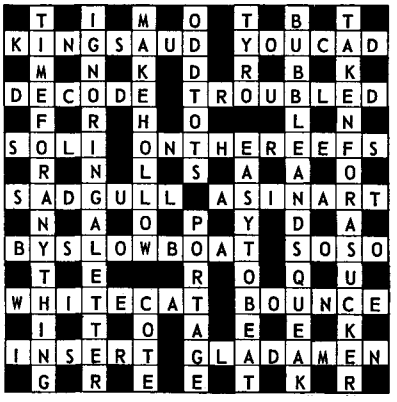

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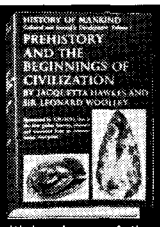

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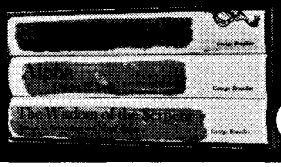

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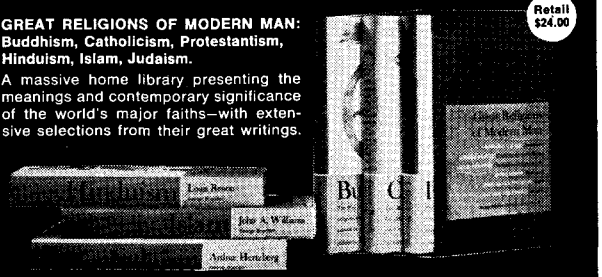

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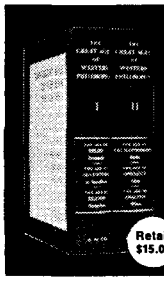

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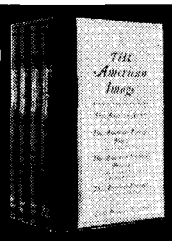

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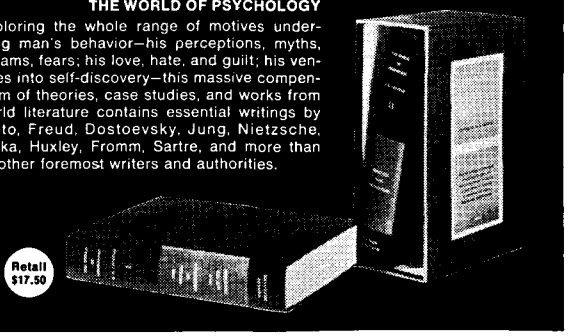

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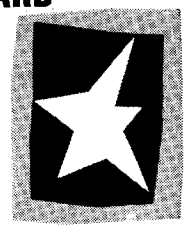

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also
THE SOVIET ECONOMIC OFFENSIVE IN WESTERN EUROPE
THE STATE OF THE UNION, 1964
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why not food baskets, why not public housing accommodations, why not vacation resorts, why not a ration of cigarettes for those who smoke and of beer for those who drink?"

To students of the *Congressional Record,* it appeared that Senator Goldwater had indeed rushed headlong into the rousing, politically loaded Medicare debate. As a matter of fact, the busy candidate simply had taken advantage of a gentlemanly custom in the Senate and asked—in five seconds—that his prepared statement be inserted in the *Record,* so that it appeared to be a formal speech delivered on the floor. By being seen but not heard, the senator spared himself the annoyance of rebuttal by his peers. Then, having stayed around just long enough to cast his vote against Medicare, he lit out of the chamber for Arizona and the beginning of his formal campaign.

Never a member of the "inner club," or even on the periphery of the movers and shakers of the United States Senate, since his nomination Barry Goldwater has avoided the place as if it were shark-infested. Following the 1960 conventions, both Democratic nominees eagerly, if not with total success, made a post-convention session of Congress into an arena for partisan combat. They seized upon every opportunity to draw the issue between Democrat and Republican. Eschewing the rough-and-tumble, Senator Goldwater prefers preparing canned television tapes.

Straws in the Wind

Whatever may happen in the North, the white backlash doesn't seem to be all it was cracked up to be in the South. Elsewhere in this issue appears a report on the Democratic primary in Tennessee. The pattern was about the same in Georgia on September 9, where voters in a Democratic primary renominated, albeit by somewhat lowered margins, the man chosen by President Johnson to steer his anti-poverty bill through the House and another congressman who had supported the President's civil-rights bill. An ardent segregationist, Superior Court Judge Durwood T. Pye of Atlanta,

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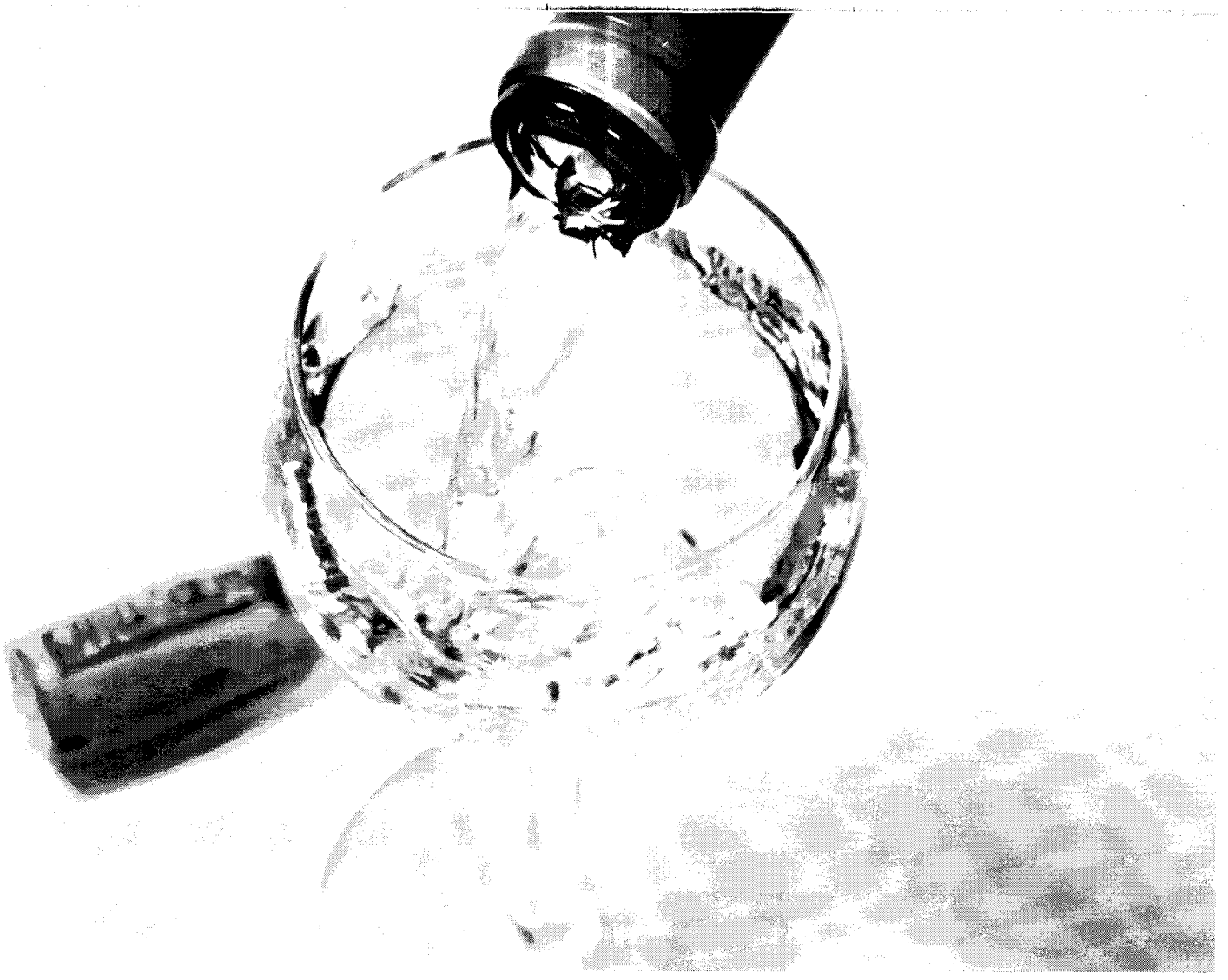

WHY DOES THE HOST GET THE FIRST GLASS OF WINE?

NOW that is a very interesting question, especially when you consider how the practice probably got its start.

Some authorities believe it was originally *mandatory* that the host take the first sip; only then would the guests follow.*

Nowadays the reason the wine steward pours a little in the host's glass first—or, at home, the host pours it for himself—is just so he can see whether he likes it and whether it is good enough for his guests.

Actually, there are two steps before one gets around to either sniffing the bouquet or tasting the wine. First the waiter shows you the bottle before it is opened, and then he opens it and gives you the cork to examine.

These first two steps are important. Although not everyone has the palate of a wine expert, anyone can and should check the label and ask any questions that may occur to him as he reads it. And he ought to check the cork to see that it is firm, and sniff it to see whether it smells nice (this is not only prudent, but looks impressive, too).

Speaking of cork, that is another reason for pouring the host first. If there are any little bits of cork floating on the top he gets them.

The only other thought we have on this comes *before* the first sip: that you order from a list of wines you have confidence in. May we recommend ours? Paul Masson has a large variety of reds, whites, and rosés. If you would like to know more about them please write us at the address below and we'll send you a kit containing descriptions of them and how they are made plus the labels from each so that you will recognize them at your wine dealer's or when the waiter brings one to your table.

This was not politeness so much as curiosity: first they wanted to see whether he dropped dead. Another popular social form was also born in fear: handshaking started as a search for concealed rocks.

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faces a runoff in which his prospects do not seem particularly bright.

The Pye story is a colorful one. Normally, civil-rights demonstrators in Georgia are tried before a magistrate for misdemeanors, but a superior-court judge may, at his discretion, order such cases tried in his jurisdiction. This Judge Pye did in the cases of a sixty-seven-year-old white minister and 102 other demonstrators arrested for trespass in a series of sit-ins in Atlanta in 1963. Since he had twice denounced in open court the "mongrelization" of the races, it was clear that he viewed civil-rights offenses as serious crimes. On August 29, 1963, the minister, Ashton Bryan Jones, was given the maximum sentence for a misdemeanor—a year and a half in jail (a year of it at hard labor) and a thousand-dollar fine, with appeal bond set at $20,000. His crime had been to seek to attend services in the First Baptist Church on Peachtree Street with two Negro companions. Two of the 102 sit-in demonstrators also drew maximum sentences and high bail from Judge Pye before their Negro defense attorneys held up the remaining hundred cases by seeking to have them removed to Federal court—a maneuver still to be ruled on by the appeals court. Mr. Jones went to jail. In January, his attorneys obtained a ruling from the State Supreme Court reducing his bond to $5,000. But months went by as Judge Pye, meticulously applying standards customarily ignored, rejected the properties presented as surety. Finally, on March 4, the attorneys found property Pye would accept, a $9,000 parcel of land owned by a respected resident of Atlanta, a white woman. Then the minister, after 188 days in jail, none of which counted toward his eighteen-month sentence, was released.

Judge Pye found himself involved in a three-way race for the superior court. He got about 40,000 votes. One of his opponents, a not very well-known white lawyer, got about 26,000. The other was one of the Negro attorneys who had appeared before Judge Pye. He drew more than 20,000. The voters' sentiment will be tested again on September 23.

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A Message from the German People to the American People

The Marshall Plan

was a turning point in history. It was the pattern for a worldwide effort to better the lot of the large part of the human race who are no strangers to hunger and privation. For today all men are neighbors — and what happens to them is sure to affect us, too.

Germany's own aid program began in 1950; has been constantly enlarged since then

The people of Germany saw the Marshall Plan at work in their own lives. They know what the right kind of aid program can do to inspire a nation and restore its hope. And they felt that they owed to the less fortunate nations a moral obligation to provide help as they themselves once had been helped.

So it was that, thirteen years ago, they embarked on an extensive program of development aid. The problem was in many ways more difficult than it had been in Europe, because the base of education and training was generally lacking. In recent years major emphasis has been placed on such training, both in Germany and in the 83 foreign countries where the aid program is now in operation.

Many of the 17,000 foreign students now studying in German universities will return home with new skills which they will pass on to others – as will the million foreign workers in Germany's shops and factories.

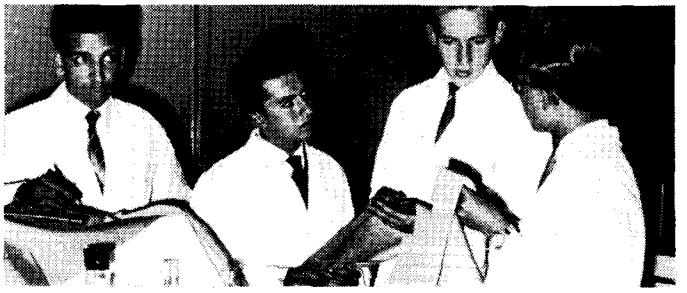
Germany is Doing its Share – AND MORE

Through the end of 1963, the aid program of Germany had dispensed nearly 23 billion D-marks (almost 6 billion dollars U.S.). Of this sum, 12.8 billion D-marks came from public funds; 10.06 billion D-marks from private sources, as computed by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD).
The larger part of it went into various forms of direct and indirect capital aid, technical assistance, industrial development and trade promotion.

German Aid Program Goes Worldwide

The aid program of the Federal Republic of Germany is not concentrated on any area of special interest or traditional ties. Available funds are granted to those nations and projects which most clearly deserve it. The developing nations learn that in such an atmosphere, self-help and mutual aid are the best assurance that their freedom will be protected and preserved.

A Few of the Many Kinds of German Aid in Many Lands



Ministry for Economic Cooperation FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 109

by HENRY ALLEN

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A
12 202 122 109 206 113 "...and on their___ grate / Harsh thunder." Milton, Paradise Lost.

B
10 87 22 26 36 141 147 190 "Now good digestion wait on_____/ And health on both." Shakespeare, Macbeth.

C
216 165 73 52 Kind of ostrich.

D
6 22 169 118 Mountain in Thessaly near the coast.

E
63 104 108 214 83 204 163 "In thy dark___ thus close up the stars." Milton, "Comus."

F
38 20 8 186 81 54 Front-line command post in World War I.

G
117 174 134 75 "Waste not, _____not." Proverbial.

H
24 153 61 97 "'Tis not alone my — cloak, good mother." Shakespeare, Hamlet.

I
127 49 151 99 Girl gained for seven years of labor.

J
129 172 145 188 106 92 218 A freckle.

K
57 143 4 200 120 220 177 85 Completed for the first time (4,4).

L
40 79 139 One of the "Uncles" Stephen Collins Foster wrote about.

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

1	2	3	4 K	5	6 D	7	8 F	9	10 B	11	12 A	13	14	15
16	17	18	■	20 F	■	22 D	■	24 H	■	26 B	■	28	29	30
31	32	33	■	35	36 B	37	38 F	39	40 L	41	■	43	44	45
46	47	48	49 I	50	■	52 C	■	54 F	■	56	57 K	58	59	60
61 H	■	63 E	■	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	■	73 C	■	75 G
76	77	78	79 L	■	81 F	■	83 E	■	85 K	■	87 B	88	89	90
■	92 J	■	■	95	96	97 H	98	99 I	100	101	■	■	104 E	■
106 J	107	108 E	109 A	110	111	■	113 A	■	115	116	117 G	118 D	119	120 K
■	122 A	■	■	125	126	127 I	128	129 J	130	131	■	■	134 G	■
136	137	138	139 L	■	141 B	■	143 K	■	145 J	■	147 B	148	149	150
151 I	■	153 H	■	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	■	163 E	■	165 C
166	167	168	169 D	170	■	172 J	■	174 G	■	176	177 K	178	179	180
181	182	183	■	185	186 F	187	188 J	189	190 B	191	■	193	194	195
196	197	198	■	200 K	■	202 A	■	204 E	■	206 A	■	208	209	210
211	212	213	214 E	215	216 C	217	218 J	219	220 K	221	222 B	223	224	225

106. An oriental fabric that hangs on one peg.
115. The medal that makes one red and raw.
125. An American physicist is also in fifty.
136. Praise for the famous archbishop.
147. This gal upsets sets.
155. Tin monkeys apparently eat these little bits and pieces.
166. The wood used in tribal sampans.
176. Within the train.
181. A unit in lesson eleven.
185. A Capone man may exist in one form when the storm leaves.
193. Dutch measure of tabula ambigua.
196. Guido's notes in shouts and bellows.
208. Ideology which may be found in Atlantis, maybe.
211. A drama of King Charles', day; singular to plain story are they (11,4).

ACROSS

1. The Acrostician is trying for his job (4,7-4).
16. Axelrod rode forth, but was in efficient.
28. Father has an unknown quantity that leads to peace.
31. The curved line in the linear circle.
35. This learner may net only dust.
43. Barely exist (with out) but please keep it quiet.
46. In "askee toss birdie" you have Pidgin English. This is a pigeon shoot.
56. One who sharpens on the Rhone.
65. Kennebecs or Columbias who ask for alms, son.
76. Part of the church in the area about to collapse, unfortunately.
87. Noses into levers of a kind.
95. Take thy spur to close with a lever.

DOWN

1. Alabama comes first and part of Kansas last in this state.
2. Karl, listen to the bird.
3. Surpasses truncated state motto.
5. Uses a cloth to find the studs.
7. A Sulu upheaval is quite ordinary in a Sulu. See?
9. Rest on the oars or prevaricate (3,2).
11. The changed order on board for namesakes of one of Adam's sons.
13. A utensil used in the kitchen by the born French pro.
14. Construct a certain brand.
15. Tries hard and trees ten.
66. The girl who could tell a lie about the United Arab Republic.
68. One of the straits that the same sin puts me in.
70. A brain cell with all of its processes may run on at ease.
77. No A.P.O. serves this Indian city.
89. Certain strands may be woven into stories.
95. A vegetable for an ape, of course.
101. Often a part score—half to be exact.
136. The party headed by the Acrostician.
138. But give your lens to us. Now see?
148. Late in altered form but tie up in law.
150. Phony polishing cloth? (alt. sp.).
155. This graven image came to nought.
157. The African country where first we heard of a lion or a bruin with no sound alternative.
159. A single part of the Gloria.
161. One of the gals in Homer risen from the deep.
167. A neat sort of bet.
179. Hindu essence about in work as art, it seems.

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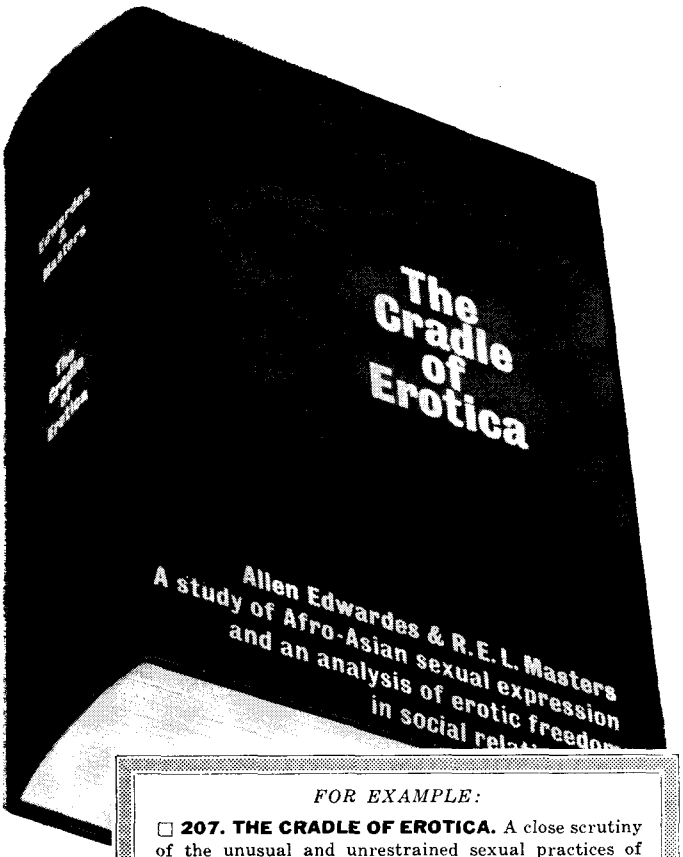
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and an analysis of erotic freedo
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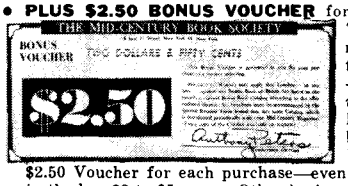

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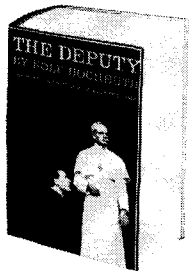

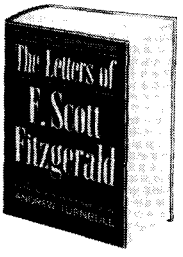

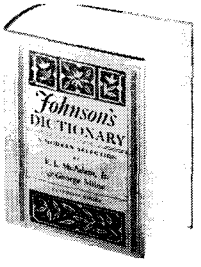

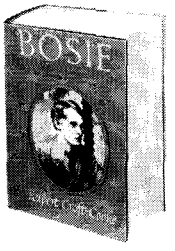

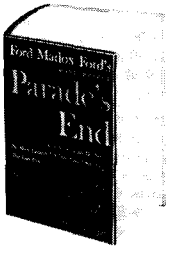

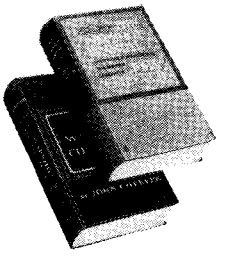

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MAX ASCOLI

The Conservative Revolution

At its higher level the Presidential race keeps up such a pace that the stakes seem to be not political power in America but man's destiny. The challenger, Senator Goldwater, wants to bring back to their ancient Zion a people who, for too long, have been living in debasing captivity. He wants to bring them back to greatness: greatness, as he has said, of purpose, of action, of heart, of vision, and of soul. True, his followers, trudging at the lower level, fail to live up to such a lofty style. But the party in power cannot help accepting that the terms of the struggle be set by its opponent, and this puts the Johnson administration to a hard test: it cannot possibly compete with the slanderous standards of its competitors, while it must exhibit its militant idealism.

President Johnson is not a would-be prophet type. He is, we believe, a man whose powerful nature shows itself when he takes strong action, a shy extrovert whose behavior is influenced by pragmatic considerations, and whom we cannot possibly imagine expatiating on the virtues of pragmatism. In a campaign like this he just has to keep proclaiming a few absolute goals like peace and justice and prosperity. Once, he forgot to add freedom to the list and, considering the punishment he got from his opponent, we can be sure that never again will he be guilty of such a lapse.

In every other Presidential campaign we can remember, a candidate would have been brought to task, and hard, had he been lax in stating frequently enough that the price of hogs had to be raised, private savings protected, and new post offices built. Briefly, a campaign used to be the time when every special interest was guaranteed a privileged status. Now that's all changed: eternal verities and absolute values have become the common coin of American politics. Unfortunately, it would be somewhat premature to assume that we are becoming a nation of angels. The present reality is exceedingly difficult to grasp, for we have no precedent to fall back on. On one side, we have the party in power that is uniting all segments of the nation by extending its care equally to the haves and to the have-nots, and thus can spare any appeal to special interests, for prosperity is already on the march, with justice following on its trail to relieve the unlucky from poverty and inequity. Peace, too, seems to be acoming—nobody knows exactly how but, it is said, dissension on the Communist side will take care of it.

It is in what used to be the Republican Party that the major change has occurred. It has turned into a fundamentalistic movement aimed at bringing back to their alleged pristine purity the institutions of this country, thus reconciling the nation's conduct with the ceremonial chants of the established rituals.

Truly, it is a conservative, or rather antiquarian, revolution that if carried through would involve an unimaginable disruption of the American social texture. It is because of this dark, stormy potentiality that a number of resentments and passions at loose in the country are gathering around the leader of the conservative revolution.

The leader himself has recently proclaimed that if elected he would set out to achieve his goal by easy stages. Considering the magnitude of the task, it would have to be not a cataclysmic but a permanent revolution. It must be admitted that in this man there is a captivating mixture of glibness and consistency. Even when he acts like a regular Presidential candidate and tries to allure the voters with promises of reduced expenditures, steadily diminishing taxes, or abolition of the draft, he invariably does it—or seems to—in the pursuit of eternal verities. His mind is certainly untrained in logic. Yet it seems to revolve constantly around the concept of the human person as a monadic, asocial entity—each man equal to the next, provided of course society leaves him alone, free to enjoy the benefits of boundless independence.

This is not a conception peculiar to Barry Goldwater. In fact, with various degrees of awareness and articulation, it can be found throughout our country—in our own days, not just at the time of the Declaration of Independence. We even suspect it might be the concept that guided the Supreme Court to formulate the one-man, one-vote principle in the reapportionment cases.

It is because Barry Goldwater represents trends still so widespread in our country, interprets with fanatic zealotry American ideals that have been reduced to a sing-song, and in which, when we come to think of it, we still believe—it is because of all this that, instead of the usual conflict of interest and opinion in this election, we have a clash of theological interpretations.

Something like Barry Goldwater's fundamentalism sooner or later was bound to come upon us. But then, after he is soundly defeated, let's remember that an institution encrusted with much older and heavier dogmas—the Catholic Church—has now started the process of its own updating. Couldn't we?

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The Fine Art of President-Baiting

MEG GREENFIELD

ANY NATION that has survived the ministrations of thirty-five such crooks, frauds, murderers, traitors, and half-breeds as our Presidents have been has reason to be proud of itself. This patriotic conclusion will be reached by anyone who reviews the long history of President-baiting in this country. "Mrs. Jackson is not spared," Andrew Jackson once complained, "and my pious Mother, nearly fifty years in the tomb, and who, from her cradle to her death, had not a speck upon her character, has been dragged forth . . . and held to public scorn as a prostitute who intermarried with a Negro, and my eldest brother sold as a slave in Carolina . . . I am branded with every crime."

Oddly enough, as sedition law has been disregarded and libel law rendered all but useless to public servants by decisions of the Supreme Court, the out-and-out scurrility of the President-baiters has tended to soften down somewhat—a development that may be due to a heightened sophistication among both readers and writers of this literature. Still, such well-known modern masterworks of the genre as John T. Flynn's *The Roosevelt Myth* and Victor Lasky's *J.F.K. The Man and the Myth* have been remarkable for their fidelity to criteria established and maintained in the field for more than one hundred and fifty years; and it is against this rather imposing literary background that one must judge the current crop of books abominating Lyndon Baines Johnson. What do they tell us about the authors' mastery of the form? What do they tell us about Johnson himself?

At the present time there are three leaders in the field of anti-Johnsoniana; and all of them are being circulated widely during the campaign. They are Frank L. Kluckhohn's *The Inside on LBJ,* which was published by Monarch Books and is available over the counter; "LBJ: A Political Biography," a twelve-page broadside put out by a group called Liberty Lobby; and *A Texan Looks at Lyndon,* a 256-page paperback written by a self-styled "cowman and historian," J. Evetts Haley, and published privately by him at the Palo Duro Press in Canyon, Texas.

Three Deuces

Of these three, Mr. Kluckhohn's effort is far and away the most disappointing, lacking a totality of venom that the reader of these works has come to expect. To give him his due, Mr. Kluckhohn makes a good try. He does contrive to establish a measure of Presidential guilt, for instance, for the situations in Panama, Zanzibar, Cyprus, Honduras, Ethiopia, Guinea, Ghana, Brazil, Vietnam, Japan, Italy, Norway, Great Britain, the Dominican Republic, Tanganyika, Northern Rhodesia, Bolivia, and Rwanda. Few adverse things occur in which he does not sense the workings of the Presidential hand ("In fact, as previously noted, not too long after he talked alone with Lyndon Johnson following President Kennedy's funeral, Charles de Gaulle recognized Red China"). He is free in dispensing unattributed little tidbits (" 'He might be able to sell the Eiffel Tower, but he doesn't know where it is,' one colleague laughingly remarked in private"). And he joins cowman Haley in citing the war on poverty as evidence of Lyndon Johnson's impiety, since the whole affair has been undertaken, as Mr. Kluckhohn sees it, in disregard of "the Biblical admonition that 'the poor always ye have with you.' "

How then does Mr. Kluckhohn let the reader down? For one thing, he is soft on the First Lady. Admittedly, Mrs. Johnson poses a problem for the unfriendly biographer: he must choose between execrating her business talents as "calculating" and "unnatural" in a woman or debunking them altogether as a handy fiction designed to hide the fact that her husband has been doing the buying and selling all these years himself. Mr. Haley solves the problem, as is his way, by espousing both views, but the most Mr. Kluckhohn can do, given his unaccountable sympathy, is to bleed for Mrs. Johnson a little. Thus: "She has never dared change Lyndon unnecessarily. You only overcome innate fear when necessary."

Also, he is too easily distracted from the sins of Lyndon Johnson, bogging down for pages on end in material reminiscent of those stupefying exchanges between National Committee researchers designed to prove that things are better or worse, or more boom or more bust, in terms of the relative prices of cattle feed. Finally, there is little about President Johnson in this book that has not been more heinously construed elsewhere, and Mr. Kluckhohn's one truly novel contribution to the subject comes to grief. That is his assertion that "San Diego is a depressed area today because Johnson's cohorts have withheld Federal contracts to 'get' Representative Bob Wilson, Chairman of the Republican House Campaign Committee." Fair enough as an example of irresponsible vindictiveness in high places. The trouble is that Mr. Kluckhohn is talking about the TFX contract, in the context of which he goes on to

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say, "San Diego, where Boeing is ocated—but also Bob Wilson, Chairman of the House Republican Campaign Committee—became a depressed area while Texas blossomed . . . ." Wherever the Eiffel Tower may be, to the best of the Boeing Company's knowledge there are no Boeing plants in or around San Diego, or elsewhere in California, for that matter.

Mr. Kluckhohn cannot be blamed entirely if his book lacks the customary fire. Prior to the assassination of President Kennedy, he had scheduled for publication a volume laying waste to the administration, so that despite his obviously heroic efforts to refocus his material, it is never wholly clear to the reader whether he detests President Johnson or Walt W. Rostow more. In ordinary books of this kind, the question simply could not arise—as it most assuredly does not in the work of either Mr. Haley or the Liberty Lobby. Both bear the marks of the classical methodology involved in this sort of thing—private, aggrieved, obsessive, and all-inclusive research, and an irrepressible tendency toward the imaginative *grand jeté* when it comes to putting it all together.

The Cowman Digs Deep

The style in anti-Presidential research was first set by James Thompson Callender, who in 1800 produced Volume I of *The Prospect Before Us,* a book designed to show "the multiplied corruptions of the Federal Government, and more especially the misconduct of the President, Mr. Adams." While serving a term for sedition, Callender ground out two more volumes, and in this sort of diligence his only near competitor has been Victor Lasky, whose dedication as a clipper and snipper will not be questioned by anyone who has worked his way through all those quotations from Nikita S. Khrushchev, *The Ladies' Home Journal,* Norman Mailer, and the El Dorado (Kansas) *Times.* As a work of accumulation and collation, *J.F.K.* is impressive testimony to Mr. Lasky's sense of grievance, and it probably could not have been put together by anybody else, with the possible exception of the Collyer brothers. Still, it lacks the second requisite: daring. Mr. Lasky leaves the dark hinting to his sources, regularly drawing back from the implications of his quotations, just as John T. Flynn before him had a way of chickening out at the crucial moment. "I do not compare Roosevelt to Hitler," Flynn would protest. "There is no intention of making any connection between the President of the United States and the gangster Lepke."

J. Evetts Haley, cowman and historian, on the other hand, brings to his book not only the blessings of compulsive research but also the courage of his speculations. As a *tour de force* there has probably been nothing like it since 1931, when John Hamill wrote and William Faro, Inc., published a 381-page volume entitled *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover Under Two Flags.* With due respect to the Haley effort, the mind of man can scarcely conceive the leg work that must have gone into gathering all Mr. Hamill's stories of phonied Burmese books, stolen Chinese deeds, diddled British investors, and false mining reports from Nigeria—not to mention the tale of profiteering in Belgian Relief. By a hair, then, it beats Mr. Haley's research accomplishment, although when it comes to daring speculation we have a dead heat. For Mr. Hamill's imagination had almost the same restless, insatiable quality that Mr. Haley's has. And like his, it was always on the job, never quite able to leave his subject alone—not even for a trip Hoover made through Australia as a young man at the turn of the century. "He probably cursed the heat, the flies, and his bad luck . . . ." Mr. Hamill muses. "He halts his team for a moment. Like shadows a couple of starving native black children speed out from the bush. *Gib it damper* (give us food), *gib it gabbi* (give us water)! A flick of his whip and a curse, and Hoover is on his way."

In J. Evetts Haley, John Hamill has at last found a worthy successor. Hear him explain why the President hastened to the plane in Dallas after President Kennedy had been killed. "This was not the reaction of brave men in the face of danger; this was the age-old response of rulers who have come to power through illegitimacy—men gripped with fear, even fear of the people they rule." The quotation is part of a strain that runs throughout the book implying some sort of connection between Johnson and the assassination. "What a strange coincidence," Mr. Haley suggests elsewhere, having just linked Johnson with the political boss of Jim Wells County, "that Lee Harvey Oswald on his return from Mexico shortly before the Kennedy assassination, detoured from Laredo to stop and spend the night in 'search of a job' at Alice, in Jim Wells County, Texas, before proceeding to Dallas and his world-shocking deed!"

It is a tribute to Mr. Haley's skill as both a toiler and a spinner that *A Texan Looks at Lyndon* can only be synopsized at about twice the length of the original. Still, if the book has a gist, this is it: As an employee of Representative Richard Kleberg—"the story is still told"—young Lyndon Johnson functioned as a bagman for a group of politicians. This was prior to his association with "Communist fronters" in the New Deal, his years as a congressman who was only too willing to get the country into war, and his tour of naval duty in the Pacific, from which he quickly returned—leaving "the dying to others." He lost his first Senate bid and stole his second with the connivance of the south Texas political boss George Parr. Though Mr. Haley adds little to the well-known story of the mysterious ballots of Jim Wells County, he does provide an account of George Parr's father's unwholesome history and also brings to light a deplorable episode in Parr's own life that had occurred twenty years before Johnson went to the Senate. It then develops that a while after Johnson's election, a man named Mason who was at odds with Parr was shot by a man named Smithwick who was brought to trial by a prosecutor named Evetts who was himself shot at, but the gunman missed. Evetts got life for Smithwick, who, on the verge of spilling some unknown beans, died in his prison cell, subsequent to which the son of a Parr opponent named Floyd was murdered, and two arrests were made. For those who

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may have lost the thread, Mr. Haley explains: "In such a climate and environment, the adept Lyndon B. Johnson systematically and securely enhanced his power."

The scene then shifts to Mrs. Johnson, whose mother, we learn, was "strange," and who herself is "intuitively resented" by "many cultivated women," one of whom is so cultivated that she is hard put to decide whether Mrs. Johnson more resembles Portia or Lady Macbeth. Leaving her to this dilemma, Mr. Haley demonstrates—by leaving part of it out—that Mrs. Johnson's inheritance was smaller than supposed. Except for this proposition, just about his only other contribution to the fascinating chronicle of the Johnson family fortune is the news that he, Haley, at one time worked for one of their competitors. Similarly, it is only a matter of tone and inference that distinguishes Mr. Haley's version of the Bobby Baker scandal from the accounts that have appeared in the press.

The Yellott Foes of Texas

What is new—at least to the non-Texan reader—is a story about a 1944 Internal Revenue Service inquiry into the affairs of the construction engineers Brown and Root (friends of the President) which was not consummated because a building full of records burned down, a story that leads us ineluctably into the "strange and incredible" tale of Mrs. Oscar Yellott. It seems that Mrs. Yellott, the proprietress of a home for the aged in Texas, once made the mistake of testifying against a Public Health Service measure then pending before Congress. "I soon realized," she has said, "that I had committed a crime—the crime of loving my country. . . . I had committed the crime of going to Washington and opposing legislation which I believed to be the initial step to the complete socialization of the American people." All this is by way of explaining how Mrs. Yellott became the object of an IRS inquiry herself. Mr. Haley reports that Mrs. Yellott received numerous anonymous phone calls implicating Lyndon Johnson in a vendetta against her. "History," he adds, lends credence to these calls, since it "indicates that illegitimate power cannot afford to let rebellion grow and spread." Only in this context of usurpation at the top and near-revolution at the bottom, he continues, "can the real significance of the forced shutdown of the Bobby Baker investigation through the pressure of the President be correctly assayed and understood."

We are now ready to take up Billie Sol Estes, but before we do, we pause to take note of another

murder of which Johnson was neither the perpetrator nor the victim, to consider a "persistent but completely unconfirmed story" of Mrs. Johnson's financial involvement in one of Sid Richardson's plants, and to mull over the career of contractor Edward M. Linkenhoger—the "gossip" connecting whose success with favors dispensed by Lyndon Johnson has been "dismissed by *Fortune* Magazine." All this takes time; now for Billie Sol. To judge by the material amassed, there is not very much on the record connecting President Johnson with Billie Sol Estes. Mr. Haley meets the problem head-on: he refuses to believe it. In fact, he all but absolves Estes ("he was, in his own mind, a religious and well-meaning person . . .") while declining to let Johnson off the hook ("What the public generally awaited, however, was the revelation of the political power behind this crooked business—not just rumors that Lyndon's influence and his wife's money were involved").

At this point, it might be well to consider the Liberty Lobby version of these goings-on. Mercifully, its story need not be summarized, since it closely parallels that of Mr. Haley. But it has provided one new departure in the Billie Sol Estes case. Whereas Mr. Haley simply refuses to credit the lack of evidence, Liberty Lobby has taken that very lack of evidence to be evidence in itself. "It is one of the strangest of all aspects of the Billie Sol Estes case," we learn from Liberty Lobby, "that of hundreds of calls made to Washington by Billie, there is not a single record of a telephone call to Lyndon Baines Johnson at his office. . . . Perhaps Johnson wanted nothing to do with a crook like Billie Sol Estes, but how could Billie Sol know this, if he never talked to Johnson?"

Meanwhile, back at the Palo Duro Press, Mr. Haley is in hot pursuit of Johnson's voting record, his changed positions on certain issues, his efforts at "social integration" of the White House, his failure to break relations with the Soviet Union after the assassination of President Kennedy, his infringement of dove-hunting laws in Texas, his refusal to disavow a racial covenant on his house, and his part in the crash of his private Convair a few years ago. That just about does it.

It is quite a soup, and Mr. Haley realizes that it will not be to everybody's taste. Still, he feels he had no choice but to serve it up. "In age," he explains, "I cannot live with betrayal and dishonor. . . ."

Buried in the Stuff

What are we to make of all this? A couple of conclusions suggest themselves. One is that Mr. Haley has been scrupulously faithful to the obligatory themes of his art such as

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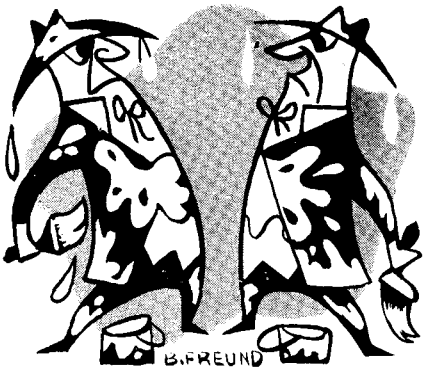
failure-to-make-the-grade militarily, and murder—mass, if possible. The first of these wasn't difficult to achieve, requiring only that Mr. Haley gloss over the fact that in leaving "the dying to others," Johnson and other congressmen were responding to a Presidential memorandum. Others have had to work harder. Victor Lasky, for instance, found himself wondering in print how on earth a PT boat could have been rammed by a less maneuverable destroyer in the first place. Murderousness is something else again. Washington, Lincoln, Wilson, Hoover, Roosevelt, and Truman are among those who have been charged with negligent genocide, but it is apparently hard to pin the rap on Johnson. Not that the problem entirely defeats Mr. Haley's ingenuity: one way and another, he has managed to associate Johnson with no fewer than eleven corpses in this book.

It will not do, of course, to assume that none of this is relevant to Lyndon Johnson simply because it has been laid at the White House door so often in the past. Nor can innocence and even greatness be inferred inversely, as it often is, on the corny grounds that Washington got bad notices in his lifetime or that Lincoln was called the "Illinois Baboon." The point is that as an artist working within a particular form, Mr. Haley seems to have done his work too well. The reader, to put it mildly, is buried in his researches and ruminations—and so, it would seem, are such points as he might have made.

How then can we take his measure as a reporter? It would take a lifetime to go back and unravel Mr. Haley's data. Merely locating all those "cultivated women" could take two weeks. Nevertheless, there are things that can be done. One is to disregard the non-assertions that begin: "But what the records do not reflect and what many people wonder. . . ." Or, "Whatever the legendary character of this account. . . ." It would also be useful to adopt a rule of cancellation for anecdotes that knock each other flat. That is, when Mr. Haley says on one page that Lyndon Johnson demanded the Vice-Presidential nomination ("'Tell 'em,' Lyndon added, 'that I deserve the Vice-Presidency and intend to get it'"), but tells us on the next page that he had to be paid half a million dollars by Joseph P. Kennedy to take it, he doesn't win both points but loses them. Again, it is safe to discount stories with a certain degree of improbability. An example would be Mr. Haley's account of a meeting between Lyndon Johnson and representatives of the left-wing American Labor Party some five years after that party became defunct. Finally, there are one or two buildings containing records that have not burned down, and their contents bode ill for the true believer.

Consider the covenant business. "Though already owning one pretentious Washington residence," Mr. Haley writes, "he bought the Perle Mesta mansion . . . no whit embarrassed by the fact that it carried a racial covenant preventing its sale or lease to anyone of 'Negro blood or extraction, or to any person of the Semitic race, blood or origin.'" He continues, "Although a fresh and flaming convert to the New Frontier's 'brotherhood of man' he did not disavow the racial restrictions." It is all a little hard to square with Paragraph 5 of the Johnson contract of purchase, affirmed by affidavit and registered in the Office of the Recorder of Deeds. It reads: "Buyers . . . do not agree to be bound by



any convenant which, by its terms, or in its application, restricts their right to permit the property to be occupied by, sold, demised, transferred, conveyed unto, or in trust for, leased, rented or given, to anyone because of any such person's race, color or creed. . . . Buyers do not consider the covenants which contain restrictions based on race, color or creed to be legally or morally enforceable."

There are other records that prove helpful to an intelligent reading of Mr. Haley's book. The crowning accusation against Johnson comes at the end of the book, and this is how Mr. Haley has told it: "Friday night February 17, 1961 was extremely foggy and wholly unfit for flying in the Austin, Texas area." Johnson, at his ranch sixty miles away, nonetheless ordered his pilot, Harold Teague, and a co-pilot to fly the Convair to his landing strip. "Harold Teague," Mr. Haley reports, "consulted 'the tower' at Austin and was advised against the flight." Johnson, nonetheless, forced him to try it. The plane crashed near Johnson City, and both men were killed. "Strangely," Mr. Haley relates, "not until three days later, Monday, February 20, did the news get out that the plane was 'overdue.'" He speculates that the three-day interval was used to juggle ownership papers so that the Convair could be reported to have been owned by the Johnson-affiliated Brazos Tenth Street Company, rather than by another company. "Somehow," he says "for days there was much confusion, and the suggestion is boldly made among fliers, service men and others in Texas aviation, that there was a fast juggling of ownership papers right up to the top at Oklahoma City—so that there could be no question but that the plane belonged to Lyndon Johnson." The charges then are three: that the plane departed against advice from the tower, that it was not reported missing for three days, and that its ownership was juggled in the interval.

One can search the voluminous transcripts and tower tapes and investigators' conclusions connected with that crash without ever finding the tower advising pilot Teague not to make the flight. In the course of the search, however, one will come across many other things. One is the clearance from the tower for the plane to take off. There is a similar explanation of the "three-day interval": it did not occur. The plane did not take off at all on February 17, only to be reported overdue three days later. It took off

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on the night of February 19, was reported missing in an AP story datelined the same day, and was found wrecked on the morning of the twentieth. The FAA records also show that the plane had come into possession of Brazos Tenth Street prior to the crash. Mr. Haley does not put much store by the Federal government's records, of course; but he would have to admit that if there was any juggling done, it was done with extraordinary dispatch. While the flight was still missing, the following radio exchange occurred between the San Antonio Air Route Traffic Control and Austin Flight Service, both of which were concerned with its recovery:

AUS FSS—Control this is Austin radio uh is this SH

SAT ARTCC—Yeah this is SH go ahead

AUS FSS—SH you wanted the owner of the airplane

SAT ARTCC—Yes

AUS FSS—The Convair OK the owner is Brazos Tenth Company

WHEN IT COMES to doing a job on the President of the United States then, extremism in pursuit of his vices doesn't turn out to be much of a virtue. This too is in keeping with the great tradition. If Mr. Haley and his colleagues have made any contribution to that tradition or left a peculiar mark upon it, it is something in the nature of a throwback—an apocalyptic, revolutionary quality that had gradually been falling into disuse. It is there most especially in his dark sense that the people will rise up any minute to fight their final battle against a "diabolical" destiny. In the relatively cool world of Victor Lasky and John T. Flynn there were no such suppositions.

Mr. Haley with his notion of the "immoral powers to tax" as "one of the most ironical and horrible usurpations of power in history," with his characterization of Johnson's effort to desegregate a public function in Florida as "obscene," sums up every primitive discontent that has made itself heard in this election year. In a way he may be the most appropriate person who could have turned up to do the job for 1964.

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Miracle Is Over: Italy's Morning After

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

FATE, which has been none too kind to Italy lately, is getting no kinder. Within a fortnight last month, two of the country's most influential men were stricken by cerebral hemorrhage. Antonio Segni, the president of the Republic, is dying; Palmiro Togliatti, the venerable Communist leader, is dead. For the moment, most Italians feel only a sense of personal bereavement. The whole nation is saddened by the suffering of the frail old statesman in the Quirinal Palace, who has served the Republic with great integrity and distinction; and the Communists are not alone in mourning Togliatti, who had personified Italian Communism for forty years.

Beyond any sentimental considerations, however, are others of a high political order. During his two years as chief of state, Segni had remained scrupulously above party politics. Nevertheless, he was one of the few Christian Democrats who could be trusted by his party's several disparate factions, and in the running controversy over Italy's opening to the Left, his steadying presence has been indispensable. Without him, no one knows how much longer the Christian Democratic Party can go on with an experiment that at least half its leaders, for different reasons, dislike and distrust.

In his own way, Togliatti too had been necessary to the Christian Democrats' composure. Where many of his party colleagues have been spoiling for a frontal attack to bring down the center-left government, Togliatti had been careful to make life merely miserable rather than intolerable for Premier Aldo Moro's Catholic-Socialist coalition. No one knows how much longer the Communists will respect that demarcation line now that he is gone.

These fresh worries might bother Moro less if his government had managed to get anywhere since it was sworn in last December. But after finally agreeing to the partnership they had discussed so long, Catholic and Socialist cabinet ministers have found it impossible to agree on practically anything else. Between December and June, when they threw up their hands and resigned, they had been unable to take the smallest step to head off a growing financial crisis.

THE FACT that Moro has somehow put his coalition together again is not overly reassuring. The new cabinet is almost identical to its predecessor; and if it is perhaps a shade more resolute, the problems besetting it have multiplied many times over. In December, the government was faced with an alarming but still controllable surge of inflation. By now, it is faced with the menace of deflation beside which the inflationary danger looks pale. For the first time since the great economic boom began here in 1958, industrial production has not only ceased to rise but has actually begun to fall—by five per cent since the beginning of this year. Investment in new plant and machinery has stopped cold. The growth rate has dropped to less than three per cent, from eight per cent in 1963 and eleven per cent in 1962.

Sales have fallen off ominously in automobiles, television sets, radios, and domestic appliances. In some of the biggest factories, working hours have been cut from forty-eight to thirty-six and even twenty-four a week. Applications for new building permits have dropped by thirty-seven per cent, and layoffs in the construction industry alone, already more than a hundred thousand, are

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expected to number half a million by Christmas. After an all too brief taste of the good life, Italian workers are once again threatened by the old blight of mass unemployment.

The average Italian doesn't yet fully realize what may be coming, but many a businessman wears the hunted look of somebody about to slip out the back door to dodge his creditors. Bad checks are changing hands at the rate of a million and a half a week, and protested *cambiali* (promissory notes) are running to the same figure. Many of these *cambiali* had been signed as installment payments on TV sets or refrigerators by workers whose hourly wages have gone up by about sixteen per cent since January—and by a total of about fifty-nine per cent since 1962—but who are working fewer hours and paying more for practically everything.

The Warnings of Signor Carli

Frightened by the turn things are taking, the government has just approved a stabilization plan that had been under consideration since last winter—too late, many experts feel. Last December, a relatively painless plan of this kind might have been enough to bring the economy back into line. The biggest single problem then was to drain off surplus buying power at a moment when the country had suddenly begun to spend much more than it could afford. That might have been done by imposing a fairly small consumer tax and a temporary wage freeze. Since Moro's government would do neither, the governor of the Bank of Italy, Guido Carli, finally had to take matters into his own hands.

As early as May, 1963, Carli had warned government leaders of the urgent need for action. Business was still booming. But the boom was already being sustained artificially by massive infusions of credit from the central bank. This policy had been necessary, Carli explained, because industry was losing its old capacity for self-financing: private capitalists had sent nearly half a billion dollars out of the country when Amintore Fanfani's experimental center-left cabinet came to power in 1962; higher labor costs, rising by forty-three per cent in two years, had cut deeply into profit margins.

Until now, Carli went on, the Bank of Italy had continued supplying easy credit because of the country's comfortable trade surplus and $3 billion in currency reserves. But both were disappearing. The steep wage rise had seriously reduced Italy's competitive advantage abroad, checking the growth of exports. At the same time, it had generated a tremendous spending spree, not only pushing prices up but also causing such a run on imported goods that Italy's once fat trade surplus had turned into a deficit rapidly approaching a billion dollars. (It turned out to be $1.2 billion for 1963.) In this opulent atmosphere, furthermore, the government was also spending so prodigally that its own budget deficit was nearing a billion dollars. At this rate, Carli concluded, Italy's currency reserves would soon vanish, the long-stable lira would depreciate, and the country could no longer maintain the growth rate indispensable to prosperity. Accordingly, either the government would have to do something or he would.

After waiting six months in vain for the government's response, Carli kept his word. In November, he imposed a strict credit freeze; by midwinter, only the most desperate would-be borrowers—and not many of those—could pry a loan out of Italian banks; and by this summer, nearly all private flight capital had come home again, exports were growing, imports were shrinking, and the trade deficit was cut in half.

Presumably, these are results to warm a banker's heart. But Governor Carli is not delighted, nor has he reason to be. If flight capital is returning, it is because many capitalists need the money to stave off bankruptcy. If imports are shrinking, it is because many industries are failing to import machinery for expansion and modernization. If exports are growing, it is mostly because producers, unable to sell enough on the home market, are dumping their goods abroad at sacrifice prices. Far from being healthy, all these signs point to the beginning of a thumping depression.

Once again, Governor Carli has issued a warning. From the start, he said last May, he had made it clear that an economic cycle like Italy's could not be controlled simply by financial manipulation. He had used all the technical instruments at his command, on his own responsibility, because no others had been put to use by the state. But he could not continue to do so without causing a serious slowdown in the country's development. It was therefore imperative for the government to take over its rightful functions. "A state's action," he said, "cannot begin and end in exhortation."

Early this month, Moro's new cabinet did act, primarily by raising the turnover tax here from 3.4 to four per cent. (It also raised taxes slightly on higher incomes and luxury villas, mostly as a political token.) By now, the main point of this plan is no longer to drain off surplus consumer buying power but to prime the pump: the government has undertaken to spend these fresh revenues (around $400 million) partly for an emergency public building program (schools and workers' housing) but mostly to alleviate the employers' heavy social-security costs.

As a pump primer, however, the plan leaves a great deal to be desired. Private builders are still terrified by the government's intention to expropriate all the unused urban development land sometime soon; and if the crippled construction industry is to be revived despite that, it will need a lot more capital than the government proposes to provide. (Carli is already easing up on credit in this field.) As for the other hard-pressed industrialists, the plan as it stands can bring only temporary relief. While it will reduce their labor costs by about $300 million, that is the exact amount that has been *added* to their payrolls in just the last eight months by a sliding scale pegged to the cost of living. Since the cost of living continues to rise, this alone will automatically cancel out the larger part of these new savings by the end of the year. What the industrialists need most, at the moment, is an effective halt to rising labor costs. That is the one thing Moro's precarious coalition won't and perhaps can't give them.

For all the past sins of Italian businessmen—and Moro's Socialist partners are not alone in berating

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THE TORTUOUS WAY OF PALMIRO TOGLIATTI

To anyone mingling with the million mourners who followed Palmiro Togliatti's coffin to the gates of Rome's Verano Cemetery, the depth of their grief was striking. Not many had known Togliatti personally, still less known him well: a reserved and rather cold Piedmontese intellectual, he did not have the traits of a popular folk hero. But after his decades of service to the Communist cause, he was regarded with an admiration approching reverence in international Communist circles.

For those to whom all Communists look like, Togliatti may have seemed no more than an exceptionally able party hack. Nevertheless, he had several qualities to set him apart from and above the usual run of European Communist leaders. He was cleverer, better educated, more worldly, more inventive; and few men in top Communist ranks had applied such a flexible mind to the pursuit of their inflexible purpose.

Not all these qualities were evident during the twenty years Togliatti had spent in Moscow, where, under the name of Ercole Ercoli, he was boss of the Comintern and Stalin's confidant. The Soviet dictator, who cared little for wit or worldliness and less for inventiveness, had valued Togliatti above all because he was efficient. As Ercole Ercoli, in fact, Togliatti had been distinguished mostly for his clinical detachment, both in supervising every shift in Stalin's line and in reviewing the death sentences of those who could not make the necessary mental adjustments—Béla Kun and Andrés Nin, among others. It was only during the next twenty years, after the fall of fascism and his own return to Rome, that Togliatti was able to make fuller use of his talents.

The size of Italy's Communist Party, which has nearly two million dues-paying members and polled 7.7 million votes in the last general election, is not the best measure of his effectiveness. What is truly impressive—and no other Communist leader has matched the achievement—is the fact that under his guidance, the party has continued to grow in strength as its revolutionary impulse declined.

Had Stalin so willed it, Togliatti might have had a different kind of triumph: if any European country was ripe for a Communist revolution just after the war, it was Italy. But Stalin did not want a revolution in Italy for several reasons—the most notable being the presence of the allied armies and the absence of the Red Army; and Togliatti was therefore sent to Rome expressly to prevent one. In less skillful hands, a policy of that kind might have condemned the party to gradual extinction. Togliatti rescued it by inventing a new political formula which, though it seemed to border on heresy at the time, was to win him a high place of honor later: the Italian road to socialism, he called it.

As Togliatti defined it, this road would be long and hard, requiring the Communists to dump most of their old Bolshevik baggage. But it would end with a victory unprecedented in Communist annals: the conquest of power through the ballot. Enticed by that distant promise, the Italian Communists have dutifully shed the most objectionable of their parochial Marxist habits and so successfully projected a democratic parliamentary image that they are loyally supported now by almost a third of the electorate.

At this pace, of course, the Communists might need another twenty years, by their own reckoning, to reach the end of the road. But if they are not yet governing Italy, they are certainly keeping anybody else from governing it effectively; and as the country's democratic defenses grow feebler, their own chances to attain respectability and acceptance are improving. It is some time since they were attacked on all sides for taking orders from Moscow, and Togliatti's endless sermons on polycentrism, autonomy, and inner-party democracy are beginning now to have their effect. Most Italian democrats used to think of him as a pious fraud. Quite a lot of them are not so sure any more. He never lost sight of his Communist goal but he wanted to reach it his own way.

From the start, Togliatti had been drawn to his new course by a cultural background and tastes that suited him much more for a parliamentary than a revolutionary career. It is not surprising that he should have hit so happily on the Italian road to socialism at a time when that meant making the best of a bad bargain—or even that he should have enlarged so much on the theme as soon as he could do so safely, when Khrushchev succeeded Stalin in the Kremlin. What is rather surprising is that in the last few months of his life he should have gone so much further. No one had realized how far that was until the Italian Communist Party published posthumously the memorandum he had written just a few hours before his fatal collapse in Yalta last month. For someone who had spent twenty years at Stalin's side—and who, in a lifetime of conditioned servitude, had scacely deviated an inch from the Kremlin's position—it was a remarkable declaration of independence.

It is hard to believe that Togliatti had meant to publish this memorandum. He had written it for Khrushchev's eyes; and he must surely have known that its publication would not only be a disservice to Khrushchev but also, perhaps, to himself. It was one thing for him to tell Soviet leaders that they must let his and other Communist Parties off the leash; it would have been another to tell his own Communist followers that they, too, should be let off the leash—his leash. The decision having been taken out of his hands, however, the document has now become Togliatti's legacy to his party. The very fact that his heirs have made it public—although almost certainly with some careful deletions—suggests how restive they have already grown since his death and how quarrelsome they are soon likely to become.

—C. S.

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them—their backs are unquestionably to the wall. This might not have been true if they had relied more on efficient methods and modern plant and less on cheap labor during the golden years of the boom. The fact remains that they are lagging far behind France and Germany in equipment and method—and dropping farther behind with every passing month now—while their labor is no longer cheap. As far as their competitive margin abroad is concerned, they are back where they were before the boom.

At this point, there isn't a minister in the cabinet (Socialist or other) who doesn't know the answer. Industry must have a breathing spell if it is to recover; the inexorable push for still higher wages must be stopped. But the Communists do not want to stop it, and more than half of organized labor is controlled by the Communist-dominated CGIL. The Socialists, though they have broken many other old ties with the Communists, are still in the CGIL. The Socialist Party paper, *Avanti*, edited until recently by the ultra-leftist Riccardo Lombardi, has steadfastly and even stridently supported every CGIL strike call; and any Socialist minister who proposed a compulsory wage freeze under these circumstances would be out of a job in twenty-four hours—along with the rest of his colleagues in the cabinet.

Since December, therefore, Premier Moro has spent the better part of his time appealing to the Communist-led labor federation to be reasonable. The response has been a wave of strikes which together with the sliding wage scale have pushed wage levels up sixteen per cent since December. The fact that the government itself is the biggest single employer dealing with the CGIL—the civil service and state-owned industries account for a third of the national payroll—suggests with what determination Moro's cabinet has acted.

'*Their* Crisis'

For a while this summer, government leaders were themselves so disenchanted with the center-left experiment that they seemed on the verge of calling it off. After negotiations dragging on all through July, they decided to go on with it. But the bright hopes that so many Italians once had for this grand adventure are gone. It has proved extraordinarily difficult to form a working partnership between one party that had been governing Italy conservatively and practically alone for sixteen years and another that had been in the opposition for going on seventy, much of the time in alliance with the Communists. Worlds apart in ideology and political habits, the Catholic and Socialist Parties have agreed on limited objectives without reconciling their basic differences. In a showdown—and the showdown has come with unexpected speed—they cannot really agree because the Christian Democrats are for capitalism and the Socialists are not.

The difference might not have shown up so sharply if the experiment had started in happier circumstances. In 1961, when Italy's economic miracle was astounding all Europe, times were more propitious psychologically as well as financially for a broad social-reform program acceptable to both sides. As it happened, however, the coalition came into being at a moment when every part of the economic system was ailing. It was a situation requiring drastic economic remedies. The Socialists, who haven't a single economist with any practical government experience—and no taste for economizing—were clearly out of place.

Privately, they admit it. A few days before the government fell last June, a Socialist cabinet minister privately confessed that his party had made a serious mistake. "We should never have joined the government when we did," he said, "because this is *their* crisis—it's their system, after all—and there isn't much point in our trying to help them get out of it. We're in no position to apply a Socialist solution, because this isn't a Socialist government; and if there *is* another solution at the stage we've reached—which, frankly, I doubt—it could only be applied at the workers' expense. We're not interested in finding a solution at the workers' expense, and even if we were, we could not afford politically to have any part of it. If a solution of that kind should succeed, the Christian Democrats would get the credit for saving the capitalist system, and they would be welcome to it: *we* wouldn't want it. If it should fail, we're the ones who would get the blame."

Having committed themselves so deeply to the experiment, however, the Socialists could not easily retreat. By the time the cabinet collapsed at the end of June, their choice was either to accept ignominious political defeat or help save capitalism. They decided to help save capitalism. The new Socialist budget minister, Giovanni Pieraccini, concedes that, by taxing consumers to rescue employers, the new stabilization plan is designed essentially to "reconstitute the margins of private profit" largely at the workers' expense. This, he says, represents an ideological revolution for the Socialist Party, whose historic objective is "to diminish, if not annul entirely, the function of profit." But, he explains, "we found ourselves in a state of necessity. We had joined a government in a country where the capitalist system is still dominant. If we had remained rigid on a question of principle and refused every measure to reconstitute profit margins, we would have assumed grave responsibilities for an aggravated recession and provoked a serious wave of layoffs. We did not feel we could assume that responsibility."

Inevitably, the Socialists have paid a high price for their surrender. The extreme left wing of their party had already broken away when they joined Moro's first cabinet. Now, the next leftward layer is beginning to peel off as well. The one man in that first cabinet who has been dropped from the second is former Budget Minister Antonio Giolitti, who had been acting as Riccardo Lombardi's surrogate in the government; Lombardi himself has resigned the editorship of *Avanti*. His followers have not walked out of the party, but they have become implacable opponents of the dwindling Socialist group still sticking doggedly to the center-left experiment.

Along with most businessmen here, many Christian Democrats take comfort in all signs of domestication within the Socialist Party majority; and some, at any rate, look forward to the day when the Socialists will merge with the moderate Social Democrats to form a solid parliamentary bloc for a democratic government

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to rest on. Socialist leaders like Pietro Nenni apparently have the same idea in mind, though they also have serious misgivings. Nenni's main reason for hanging back all these years before joining the government has been the fear of losing his working-class following. Until the next election, no one can say how much of it he has already lost.

As vice-premier in Moro's cabinet, Nenni has been notably incapable of influencing Socialist workers. No one has known better than he how urgently the country needed at least a voluntary pause in ever-rising wages. Yet he has not managed even once this year to avert a CGIL strike in which his own workers have participated. In fact, he has not so much as ventured to tell the Socialist workers publicly that their decision to strike might be wrong.

The question, then, is whether Nenni will have the courage of his compliance. His party's sacrifices do not end with the stabilization plan. That was only the first one; there will have to be others, more disagreeable. If the Socialists can bear to make them, the threat of a depression may recede in the next eight or nine months. In that case, the center-left coalition might be free to go ahead with some of the plans for social reform on which the Socialist Party had set such store—providing, of course, that there is anything much left of the Socialist Party by then. «»

Racism Wasn't the Issue In Tennessee

BILL KOVACH

NASHVILLE

THE VICTORY of Representative Ross Bass over Governor Frank G. Clement for the Democratic nomination to the seat of the late Senator Estes Kefauver may prove the most important pre-November contest in the country. Bass was the first member of Congress to face statewide election since voting for the Civil Rights Act. For this reason the August race was watched closely for political trends in this year of racial unrest. The fact that Bass won by ninety-five thousand votes over the undefeated "golden boy" of Tennessee made the victory significant; the fact that the contest was in a Southern state placed a special importance on the Bass vote. Stunned by the upset victory, conservative forces were even more dismayed at the news that Bass carried both Memphis and Chattanooga. These two Tennessee cities closely identified with the Old South were carried by margins of eleven thousand and seven thousand votes respectively, despite an unprecedented concentration of money and time by Clement forces. Both cities were counted upon to respond to Clement's opposition to the Civil Rights Act. "I figured this thing would break on whether those people were more afraid of niggers than they were mad at Clement," said one downcast Clement supporter. "I didn't think we could lose a contest like that."

Undoubtedly the voters were mad at Clement. They were mad because he had pushed through an expanded sales tax last year that even included a three per cent levy on TVA power. On election night, voters in the larger cities stood in line two hours after the normal closing time of the polls. "It's a clear sign for us," guessed Bass's aide Frank Woods. "They say when people stand in line to vote they are voting against something. If it had been a protest against civil rights, we would have heard more from them during the campaign, but we had fewer complaints about the congressman's vote on civil rights than we had on anything in the race."

Statewide Liberal Gains

If the voters were not protesting civil rights, it was no fault of Clement or of M. M. Bullard, an also-ran third candidate. During the campaign, they had repeatedly warned that civil rights could be viewed as the destruction of business, home, and motherhood. Against this background, the nomination of Ross Bass indicated one major point about civil rights as an election issue: the so-called white backlash is no match for the more personal issue of taxes.

The results are even more encouraging when other Tennessee primary races are examined. Three Congressional races are of particular interest. In the Fifth District (Nashville), Representative Richard Fulton, the only other Tennessean to vote for the Civil Rights Act, overwhelmed two opponents who worked overtime on the issue. Fulton's margin was almost thirty thousand votes over his nearest rival.

In another clear-cut liberal-conservative battle, the voters in Memphis rejected the usually sacrosanct argument of seniority and nominated a former Kefauver supporter, George W. Grider, over Representative Clifford Davis, the dean of the Tennessee delegation. Grider supported the Kennedy-Johnson programs enthusiastically.

In middle Tennessee, William R. Anderson, former skipper of the nuclear submarine *Nautilus* and a New Frontiersman who held advisory jobs with both Kennedy and Johnson, won a hard-fought six-way battle for the Bass seat. Four of the five defeated by Anderson stirred racial fears with appeals ranging from pledges to amend the law to outright defiance.

BUT it was Bass who stirred the entire state and set the stage for the local victories by engaging the conservative forces in a statewide struggle that kept them from devoting energy to other races. It was the Bass race that united unionists and Negroes in a life-and-death effort to maintain political potency. The results of these efforts clearly show in the Negro precincts, some of which gave Bass margins of 12 to 1 over Clement. Statewide returns indicate that Bass received a lopsided percentage of the estimated ninety-five thousand Negro votes cast. In each district there was a close correlation between the Bass vote and the vote for liberal Con-

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gressional candidates, with Bass generally polling slightly higher than the local candidate.

Until Bass decided to risk his eminently secure job as Sixth District congressman, Clement appeared certain to win Kefauver's Senate seat. The governor had managed to maintain broad-based support, even gaining support from former Kefauver people, as well as from Negroes and labor. But behind this veil of popularity lay the statewide organization built from the ruins of the old conservative Crump machine of Memphis, which sent Judge Andrew T. Taylor to political defeat in an attempt to destroy Kefauver in 1960.

Until Bass came along, it looked as if Kefauver's death had opened the door for a conservative takeover rivaling the control wielded in Virginia by the Byrd machine. Clement held a tight rein on the state party machinery. He used his power to appoint as Kefauver's immediate successor a conservative east Tennessean, Herbert S. Walters, known mostly for his ability to deliver Republican votes. Left without the Kefauver buffer and facing the possibility of major conservative opposition in his bid for re-election, Senator Albert Gore underwent a public metamorphosis. Gore's vote against the Civil Rights Act seemed to most liberals in Tennessee to be the beginning of a slump that would send the state into the waiting arms of its Southern confederates.

How Clement Lost the Negroes

Clement made his choice early. Immediately prior to his announcement, he refused to sign a code of fair-employment practices submitted to him by the Tennessee Commission on Human Relations. The code affected state employment and would have prohibited racial discrimination by companies doing business with the state. He thus cast his lot with those who believed the white backlash would destroy Bass. His action may have cost him the election. It certainly cost him the endorsement of the Tennessee Voters Council, which claims to represent seventy-five thousand Negro voters. For the first time since he sent the National Guard into Clinton during a school integration crisis there in 1956, Clement was without the support of Negro voters. Although he enlisted a few top officials in the state Labor Council, Clement also turned his back on former labor support later in the campaign when he said of the state's open-shop law, "We have a good situation here in Tennessee."

Even Clement's supporters were surprised at the governor's new conservative stand. Presenting himself as a man "who will not go down the line for anyone" for an endorsement, Clement stormed into county-seat towns behind Tex Ritter, Eddy Arnold, Flatt and Scruggs, and other top names in the "country" and Western-music field. His campaign managers rounded up for the governor the largest crowds seen at stump speeches in recent Tennessee history, although some observers noted that the crowds seemed to be made up largely of state employees given time off to hear the governor speak. Wherever he spoke, Clement turned on the evangelical style reminiscent of his keynote address to the 1956 Democratic national convention. Without ever mentioning his opponent's name, he painted Bass as a man completely foreign to Tennessee. Proclaiming himself an "independent" Democrat, Clement attacked the foreign-aid program, Medicare, and the State Department. But always he returned to civil rights. And the gist of his message was that he would never have voted, as Bass had, for the original and stronger House version of the bill.

Bullard's campaign, conducted almost solely against civil rights, amounted to a gadfly performance but attracted the staunch segregationist vote away from Clement. Many observers think that Bullard's vote of some eighty-two thousand represents the hard core of Tennessee's Ku Klux vote. The antics of the onetime Kefauver supporter and wealthy apple grower demonstrated clearly the danger of irresponsibility in a political campaign. At one point, Bullard charged that Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy had raised $30,000 for Bass in return for the congressman's vote on civil rights. Almost immediately he said it was "only a rumor but a hot one," and then he denied that story. Pro-Clement newspapers had, of course, already screamed the accusation in banner headlines.

Bass waged a vigorous but poorly organized campaign. In most cases his search for old Kefauver support was hopeless. "What am I supposed to do?" he was asked by one mayor who had supported Kefauver. "If Clement wins he'll name the next governor, who I'll have to ask to help my town. If Clement loses, I'll have to go to him for the next two years." Only a handful of public officials in the state's ninety-five counties would even come out to welcome Bass when he arrived in town. What the opposition failed to notice, however, was the constant handshaking tours Bass conducted. The issue he failed to discuss from the stump—civil rights—he discussed freely in personal contacts. When asked why he voted for the bill, he would launch into a personal explanation. "I have to ask Negroes to serve in the armed forces, to die if necessary for this country. Suppose an Army convoy left Memphis today headed for New Orleans with these troops destined for Vietnam. In that convoy are ninety-nine white soldiers and one Negro. That convoy stops besides a Federal highway at a restaurant and those ninety-nine white soldiers go inside and sit at clean tables and are served a hot meal and that one soldier has to sit in a fence corner and eat his lunch from a paper sack, just because his skin is black. I know that's not right and I don't think you agree with it either." There was never a dissent and many pledged their votes on the spot.

WHILE supporters and opposition alike saw defeat written in the poorly staged campaign, Bass never lost heart. He was beginning, he knew, with a core of anti-Clement support estimated at more than a hundred thousand votes. He had put together effective support from labor and Negroes. To gain the deciding votes, he hammered at his three major issues: political control (the machine is reaching its tentacles toward the nation's capital), experience (his ten years in Congress), and taxes (he had voted for the Federal tax cut, while Clement had imposed new unnecessary state taxes). Civil rights, he constantly maintained, was not an issue.

The majority of Tennessee's Democrats agreed.

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The Soviet Submarine Threat

HANSON W. BALDWIN

THE SOVIET submarine fleet, ranging from the Horn of Africa to the Gulf of Alaska, has become, in the past decade, a major factor in the global projection of Communist power.

The sheer size of this fleet, a continuing building program, the transfer of older Soviet submarines to other Communist powers or to neutralist states, and the fleet's wide-ranging operations have produced political, organizational, and technical reaction in the West of surprising scope and diversity, with the result that anti-submarine warfare (ASW) now has the highest priority of all free-world naval programs.

Contrary to general belief, the Soviet submarine fleet has actually decreased in numbers in the past few years. Retirements of old and obsolescent boats—particularly some of the small coastal types—and transfers of older but still serviceable conventional submarines to Red China, Egypt, and other powers have reduced the USSR's fleet from a maximum strength of about 450 to 470 submarines some years ago to slightly more than four hundred today. The annual construction program, now at the level of about five to ten presumably nuclear-powered submarines, is not yet large enough to replace future losses due to obsolescence and age. However, the new nuclear-powered submarines are so far superior in combat characteristics to the conventionally powered ones that the over-all effectiveness of the entire fleet is increasing.

Possibly a dozen to twenty Soviet submarines today are nuclear-powered. Relatively little is known about their efficiency, but there are indications that Moscow has experienced engineering troubles with them. A large portion of the four hundred-odd submarines—perhaps sixty to ninety—is equipped with missiles of various types. Nearly all of these are conventionally powered submarines converted to carry from two to six ballistic or cruise-type missiles.

Probably a third of the four hundred are long-range submarines, capable of cruising anywhere on the high seas; another third are medium-range high-seas types, and the rest are small short-range coastal types, specially designed for operations in the narrow seas close to Soviet coastlines. Many of the older and smaller craft of this type have been replaced, and it is possible that the coastal submarine—which has never proved of much effectiveness in naval warfare—may be discarded.

QUALITATIVELY the Soviet submarine fleet is no match for our submarine forces. The United States had a head start in the development of nuclear-powered submarines, and the Navy has accumulated a tremendous amount of operational experience. The Russians are not likely to catch up.

Nor has Moscow anything to match our nuclear-powered submarine with its Polaris missiles. These subs, the largest in the world, have been patrolling submerged in the Norwegian Sea and the Mediterranean for years now, and there is no evidence that any one of them ever has been detected and identified by the Russians. The Polaris submarines are capable of firing sixteen missiles in a few minutes while completely submerged. There are three versions of the Polaris missile, with ranges of 1,250, 1,500, and 2,500 nautical miles. Each missile carries a warhead in excess of a megaton of nuclear explosives—powerful enough to wipe out any city on earth.

The Soviet missile subs lag far behind. The larger ones, conventionally powered, are usually conversions (of the 1,030-ton W class or the 2,000-ton Z class) carrying two—sometimes four—short-range ballistic missiles in tubes aft of the "sail" or superstructure. The submarine must surface to fire these missiles. Others carry cruise-type, or winged, missiles, which fly—like the German V-1 or pilotless plane—a straight and level course towards its target. They are generally guided by radio, some by inertial pre-set guidance systems, and some have terminal homing guidance. Soviet submarine-launched missiles are of much shorter range than our own, varying from about 150 to 550 miles. The ballistic missiles, at least, are capable of carrying a sizable nuclear warhead, presumably some of the cruise-type missiles could carry a small nuclear weapon.

A new class of Soviet submarines, which appeared in the Pacific a couple of years ago, is believed to be specially equipped for operations against U. S. carrier task forces, U. S. naval surface ships, and convoys. This so-called *Echo* class is fast, but is reportedly conventionally powered and carries up to six anti-shipping cruise-type missiles, with ranges estimated at 350 to 550 miles.

Despite the obvious technological disparity between our own and the Soviet underwater fleet, there has been a marked increase during the past decade in the scope and ambition of Soviet submarine operations. Operating from the only Russian base that fronts on the open seas—Petropavlovsk in Kamchatka—Soviet subs have cruised repeatedly in or near the Gulf of Alaska. During the Cuban missile crisis, a concentration of Soviet submarines converged in the general area of Cuba. Recently two Soviet missile-firing submarines conducted training exercises, along with several surface warships, in the Mediterranean off Algeria. All these are precedents, undreamed of twenty years ago, in the development of Communist naval doctrine.

Submerged Strategy

The political importance of the Soviet submarine threat has been enhanced by the transfer of older, non-missile submarines. Red China has about thirty Soviet submarines—most of them of the medium-sized long-range W class. Some of them were transferred intact; others were assembled in Chinese yards. Egypt has about a dozen; Sukarno's Indonesia has from two to six W-class submarines; Poland has seven of the small coastal types; Romania, twelve; Bulgaria, six to ten; and eventually even Cuba may operate a small submarine fleet.

The military purposes of Russia's large undersea fleet are several. Nationally, the ballistic-missile submarines form part of the Soviet nuclear

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deterrent. Their degree of invulnerability and delivery capability are far less than that of our Polaris submarines, but they still are a potential threat to the coastal cities of the United States and of the free nations of Europe and Asia.

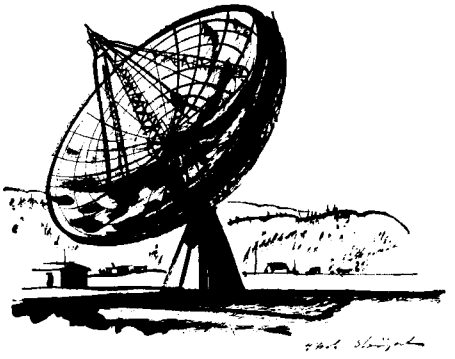
The largest segment of the Soviet underwater fleet, equipped with torpedoes, mines, and anti-shipping missiles, is clearly fitted to carry out the traditional role of the submarine as an instrument of the *guerre de course* at sea. U.S. naval surface vessels and merchant shipping are their targets; their objectives are the neutralization of U.S. and western surface naval superiority, elimination of the carrier task force as a threat to Russia, and the severance of the vital sea lines of communication between the U.S. and its allies in NATO, Asia, and the Pacific.

The strategy of Soviet naval power appears to be shifting from a past emphasis on naval superiority close to the Russian coasts to an offensive-defensive concept better suited to new forms of aggression such as wars of national liberation, infiltration, and subversion, waged by conventional means.

As an instrument for furthering this type of program, the submarine is ideal. Even those obsolete vessels now flying Red Chinese or Egyptian flags represent in today's context what Mahan would have called a "fleet in being." They are a potential menace to our vital sea supply lines; they are capable of surreptitiously transporting agents and arms, as in Cyprus. The Soviet vessels do far more. They project the Soviet image of strength to the high seas. They are used, in a traditional role, as snoopers and gatherers of intelligence by visual means and by electronic monitoring. And prior to a crisis—at a time of Russia's own choosing—large concentrations of submarines can be stationed off our coast or elsewhere to act as strategic counterpoise to U.S. power.

U.S. politico-military policy and military—aid programs have long stressed the menace of the Soviet submarine. All naval-aid and construction programs have been geared to a top ASW priority. NATO has an ASW school under operation in Italy, and a sizable fleet of sweepers, coast-defense craft, and ASW vessels now adds considerably to NATO's capability to meet the threat. In Asia there is far less capability among our allies, and the major ASW effort would rest on the U.S. Pacific Fleet, aided by small British forces.

Washington has provided a number of reassurances to our allies about our ability to keep the lines of communication open across the seas. Regular NATO naval exercises are held—many of them pointed towards protection of convoys and maintenance of an anti-submarine "barrier" of surface ships, submarines, and planes across the Iceland-Faeroes "gap," or other narrow straits through which Soviet submarines would have to sortie. The United States has also pre-positioned arms and supplies in Europe and Asia, and has conducted large-scale airlift troop-reinforcement exercises from the United States to Europe and Asia. A global surveil-



lance system has been established to provide world-wide intelligence of Communist submarine and surface ship movements. Allied naval ships, aircraft, and allied merchantmen report all submarine sightings or contacts.

There has not been much doubt that the United States could provide a defense against the conventional submarine. The limited underwater endurance and speed of the conventionally powered submarine and its need to surface at frequent intervals to recharge its electric batteries make it more vulnerable to detection and destruction. U.S. naval forces had little difficulty in detecting and tracking the concentration of Soviet conventional submarines sent to the Cuban area in the missile crisis of 1962.

Submarines utilized against shipping must automatically advertise their position with every attack. ASW forces can concentrate in the general area and can localize or pinpoint their search without the necessity of conducting a broad ocean sweep. The convoys are magnets that draw the submarines to the locality where the ASW forces are strongest.

THE HISTORY of submarine warfare indicates that no nation ever has enough ASW units when a war starts. This is probably true today. Even against the conventional submarine, the U.S. and allied navies are probably deficient in numbers of hunter-killer groups, ASW-type destroyers, minesweeping units, and specialized patrol aircraft. Nevertheless, the outcome of a *guerre de course* today is clearly predictable. U.S. and allied shipping might suffer fairly heavy initial losses, but the Soviet submarine fleet would be decimated and ultimately defeated; the sea supply lines would remain open.

The near future holds a different kind of threat against which new organizational and technical answers are being developed. It is the twofold threat of the missile-firing submarine utilized as a strategic weapon against land targets and the nuclear-powered submine employed against shipping. The answer to this threat is still under development.

The Navy, at long last, has recently established a new branch of the office of the Chief of Naval Operations, called "Op-95." The new executive director of anti-submarine warfare programs is Vice Admiral Charles B. Martell, who has a broader grant of authority than any prior officer concerned with ASW. Martell is primarily a "co-ordinator" and a "reviewer" and "evaluator." But he has, for the first time in the ASW picture, the full authority of Secretary of the Navy Paul Nitze and Admiral David MacDonald, the Chief of Naval Operations, to "determine ASW requirements and . . . priorities . . . for analyzing the potential submarine threat . . . to develop integrated tactics . . . to integrate . . . working in conjunction with the fleet commanders . . . all ASW forces . . . to monitor the status of ASW performance in the fleet . . ."

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Working with Martell in the development and procurement field is Rear Admiral C. A. Karaberis, who has the title of ASW System Manager under the Chief of Naval Material. Karaberis, with a skilled and highly qualified technical staff of fifty to two hundred people, will furnish the technical management in research, development, and procurement, to provide the ships' instruments, sensors, fire control, and other equipment required by Martell.

Thus, for the first time in the Navy's history, an organization for ASW, which cuts across established command and management lines both ashore and afloat in operations, training, development, and procurement, has been established to provide centralized direction and management to meet what Nitze describes as "now the primary naval threat."

Problems of Detection

To find even a partial technical answer to the submarine threat is a major task. For the submarine's capabilities are rapidly improving. Operational Polaris submarines, for instance, have a submerged speed of about twenty-one knots; future submarines may well exceed thirty to thirty-five knots. The submarine of tomorrow, traveling deep underwater where it is unaffected by waves, winds, and storms, may be able to cruise faster than any surface ship.

Today's submarines have an operational depth limit of somewhat more than one thousand feet. But already experimental submarines capable of far deeper dives are in operation, and naval experts believe our submarines of two decades hence will be able to dive four thousand to six thousand feet. Our own plans for the 1980's—admittedly now well beyond the frontiers of today's technology—envisage the possibility of bottom-crawling launching platforms for nuclear-tipped missiles, built of pre-stressed glass and capable of maneuvering in depths of perhaps eleven thousand feet. In short, whole new frontiers of the ocean are certain to be opened to submarine operations in the decades ahead, with a consequent magnification of the problems facing ASW.

There is not any one technological answer to this underwater threat. Of the four general problems of area detection, localization, identification, and destruction, the precise location and identification of a submarine offer the most difficulties. In fact it is safe to say that today ASW weapons are of sufficient power, range, and variety to ensure destruction if a submarine can be located. This detection problem is particularly difficult in defense against a missile-firing submarine employed against shore targets. For a nation's strategic submarine thus used as part of a nuclear delivery force does not have to advertise its presence, or even surface to snorkel depth, until it is ready to fire its missiles.

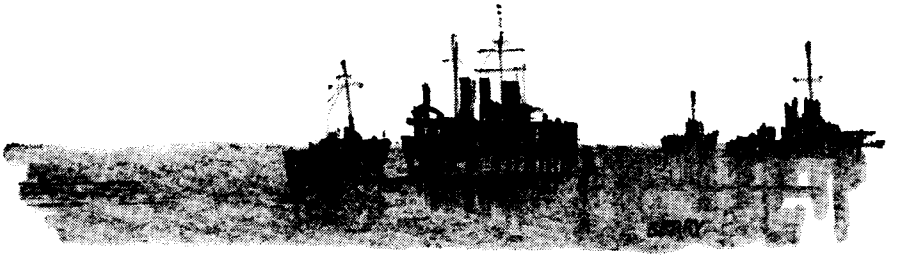
The defense against the missile-firing submarine must be considered as part of a far broader defense problem: defense against a general nuclear attack. But it is precisely for this reason—because such missiles could not be used except in a general nuclear war—that the ballistic-missile submarine does not appear to be the principal military threat of the Soviet submarine fleet. For if Russia should fire a salvo of submarine-launched missiles against U.S. targets, they would clearly represent part of a nuclear assault which would draw down upon Russia a far more powerful nuclear retaliation.

On the other hand, the modern submarine used only against sea targets has a potential importance in actual shooting war, as well as a political importance in cold-war situations. A ship can be sunk by an unidentified submarine and it might be difficult to pinpoint the nationality of this undersea marauder. A tacit or actual blockade might be established. And it is even conceivable that submarines might play a large role in a type of warfare limited to the oceans, waged with conventional and/or small nuclear weapons. Their utility in various supporting roles in small limited wars on land is also apparent.

Thus, the solution of the detection problem has both strategic and tactical military and political overtones. If a concentration of submarines can be spotted in a general area of ocean, a warning flag can be hoisted in the foreign offices as well as in the admiralties of the world.

SUBMARINE long-range detection systems have achieved remarkable results by a system of sensitive underwater hydrophones, placed at strategic points on or near the continental shelf, or off islands such as Bermuda, in deep water. These listening devices "hear" the sound of a submarine's propellers. One Soviet submarine was precisely located by such means more than two thousand miles from the nearest hydrophone. Such results are not frequent: nevertheless, this system of underwater surveillance called "Caesar" is highly promising for long-range area location.

Usually the precise location of a submarine is the result of many and varied painstaking search patterns and sensor techniques. Radar used against surfaced or snorkeling submarines also has a limited but unreliable capability against subs at shallow depths. Infrared, which can detect the turbulent wake of a submerged submarine; magnetic anomaly detectors, which react to the steel in a submarine's hull; electronic methods; and even "sniffer" devices, which can detect the ionized traces of exhaust gases from a submarine's snorkel, are all used—but all of them are of limited, or specialized or supplementary usefulness.



Sound is still the surest and principal method of detection. But sound waves are often refracted by thermal layers in the ocean, and the direction

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of the submarine from the hydrophone is therefore distorted. A favorite trick of experienced sub skippers, when eluding attack, is to take their ship down beneath a colder layer in the water. This sudden change in underwater temperatures alters the sound waves and, despite great advances in sonar equipment, no technique yet developed offers a sure answer to this natural phenomenon.

The search vehicles themselves are changing tremendously in size and characteristics. The helicopter has shown great usefulness in localization with its "dunking" or lowerable sonar. A new type of carrier-based ASW plane, with all kinds and varieties of detection equipment and weapons, including automatic floating sonobuoys, has long endurance and a capability for the kind of patient searching necessary in ASW.

A recent construction contract for some twenty-six escort ships concentrated on their ASW characteristics. The ideal ASW surface craft has not yet been built, but the Navy is still trying to develop a relatively inexpensive, highly automated ASW ship dubbed in prototype blueprint the "Sea Hawk" and capable of dealing with nuclear-powered submarines. To compensate for the speed differential between submarines and surface ships, hydrofoils and sea skimmers (vehicles that ride a few inches above the surface on a cushion of air) are being developed, and vertical take-off aircraft are under contract. And the nuclear-powered submarine, as a killer craft, is of considerable usefulness in ASW.

The precise detection of a submarine must be accompanied by a positive identification, a problem almost as large as localization. The danger is not so much an attack upon one of our own submarines as it is one of wasted effort. Area control—that is, positive delineations of the areas in which our own submarines are operating—will probably prevent a mistaken attack upon a friendly submarine. But positive identification is no mean feat. Sound "signatures"—the sound of propellers, the echoing return "ping" of the sonar—must be sorted out from the multitudinous voices of the noisy sea, or from the echo reflected from a "knuckle" in the current. The use of computers with memory tapes to sort out and identify the actual sound of the submarine may provide a partial answer to the problem of identification.

Once a sub is precisely located and identified, such weapons as long-range air-dropped torpedoes, which hunt out the submerged foe, or air-dropped nuclear depth charges are likely to ensure a high percentage of kills.

THE UNITED STATES and its allies have other major assets in the attempt to find an ASW answer. The superiority of the West in carrier task forces means that enemy submarine bases can be attacked (as North Vietnamese motor torpedo-boat bases were recently attacked) by air strikes. Geography favors the West; from all other bases but Petropavlovsk, Soviet submarines must sortie to the open oceans through relatively narrow sea bottlenecks—across which "sentinel" cable can be laid, sonobuoys spread, or "barriers" of surface ships, land-based planes, or killer submarines maintained. Prior to the outbreak of shooting, large numbers of Soviet submarines might well sortie unopposed through these barriers, but after the first sortie their casualties, going and coming, would be heavy.

The technical answer, like the organizational and political answers to the Soviet submarine threat, is thus in no way hopeless. But at the same time, no miracles can be expected. The menace is likely to increase faster in the next decade than the defense against it. For the Russians will make major progress in the development of a nuclear-powered submarine fleet, and the problem of defense is inherently harder—due to the opacity of the ocean—than the problem of offense.

The Legacy Of Sarit Thanarat

DENIS WARNER

BANGKOK

FROM October, 1958, when he seized full power as head of Thailand's Revolutionary Council, until his death last December, Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat appeared determined to store up merit in the next world and to make amends for his misspent youth by governing his country effectively and well. He succeeded. He fooled the doctors who predicted in 1957 that cirrhosis of the liver would prove fatal within a year, and he filled his borrowed time with unrestrained activity and zeal. His habit of dropping in unannounced by helicopter taught officials not to be caught with their feet up. Aided by the charm of Queen Sirikit and the wit of King Phumiphon, he helped re-establish the monarchy in the affections of the Thai people. He supervised the transformation of Bangkok from a charming nineteenth-century bazaar into a modern city. He pressed his subordinates into action in remote rural areas, including the strategic northeastern provinces, where a third of Thailand's twenty-nine million inhabitants, living in poverty and neglect, had become a target for Communist subversion. He encouraged diversification in agriculture and industrialization. And he freed Thailand from the strains and uncertainties that had plagued its relationship with the West at the time his *coup d'état* overthrew the government of Field Marshal Pibul Songgram in 1957.

In short, Sarit was an outstanding leader. Peace and tranquillity should have been the lot of his mortal remains during the hundred days they awaited cremation in a golden urn guarded by two marble lions in Wat Benchamabopit. Instead, a storm burst around them that left the Thais as staggered as the British had been by the Profumo case. In addition to storing up merit, it appeared,

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"the premier in the urn," as Sarit was now called, had also found time to put away a fortune estimated by some members of his family at $133 million, and to maintain first, second, and minor wives and concubines on a scale that has not been matched in Thailand, publicly at least, since a century ago, when a Prince Itsarate claimed that he had at least 120 wives.

Sarit liked a pretty face, and every time a new one appeared on television, on the screen, or at a beauty competition, his agents made an offer. The duties were light and the rewards agreeable. He preferred to work surrounded by ten or a dozen pretty girls. Since he did not care for them to bathe in public, he built them a private pool at the back of his house, provided them with their own transport from his private garage of fifty-one cars, and rewarded the favorites with land titles and homes.

THE FIRST HINT of the scandal came when Sarit's first and only legal wife and her two sons petitioned the civil court to be given the sole right to administer the estate, while noting that five wives and five children born out of wedlock were eligible for inheritance. As the Thai government stepped in to freeze bank accounts, a collection of minor wives, sons, and concubines stepped forward with claims and additions to the Sarit story. That Sarit used the office of premier to accumulate a fortune is beyond doubt. U.S. aid funds contributed to it, if only indirectly. In some cases he or members of his family took a rake-off on contracts. In others, contracts were steered to companies in which he had a financial interest, a business stratagem that raised few eyebrows in Bangkok. His family financial empire was wide-ranging and highly complex. At its center was his second wife, Vichitra, a keen businesswoman. Sarit's half-brother Sanguan Chandhrasaka directed the state lottery. Another brother ran a gold shop from which the lottery directors recovered $650,000 after Sarit's death. A gunnysack company depended, in turn, on the gold company for financial support. The vernacular newspapers presented a richly embroidered account of the scandal. One ran a series of nineteen interviews with Sarit's minor wives and left its readers wondering why the twentieth had not appeared. Sarit, it was clear, would become a legend, though scarcely in the way he had hoped or even deserved.

Thanom and Praphas

It was also clear that the Sarit revelations were more than just a cause for gossip. After six years of political stability, Bangkok was filled with the talk of a *coup d'état*. So tense was the situation in March that fifty policemen hurried to Bangkok airport to be ready to arrest Pibul Songgram, who was rumored to be flying

from Tokyo to Bangkok in a bid to regain power.

Even without the added tension of the Sarit scandal this would have been a testing period for General Thanom Kittikachorn, who succeeded Sarit as premier and supreme commander. Thanom, who is fifty-three, had served briefly and unsuccessfully as premier in 1958. A soldier with a reputation for integrity and honesty, he did not fit easily into the political command of the mixed team of leftists, militarists, and opportunists who made up the government at that time. In fact, his failure led to Sarit's coup within a coup in October, 1958. Thanom, who had taken the job with the utmost reluctance, stepped down willingly to become senior deputy premier, remaining loyal to Sarit and not interested in the material rewards of office.

In stepping up to succeed Sarit, Thanom, much less reluctantly this time, kept his place ahead of fifty-one-year-old General Praphas Charusathien, the third member of the military triumvirate that had toppled Pibul and driven him into exile. Their careers in Thailand's military-political hierarchy had maintained this pecking order for years. With singular political sagacity, Sarit acted as matchmaker in the marriage of Thanom's son to Praphas's daughter. By uniting the families of his two lieutenants, Sarit hoped to prevent the sort of rivalry that had once split Pibul's triumvirate and opened the way for his own power grab. Strains and stresses became apparent long before his death, however. Praphas, through his private Chinese financier, Wang Paowen, who was arrested in Hong Kong in 1961 as a Communist agent, had international links that were a cause for suspicion among his colleagues. While his personal fortune is probably not in the Sarit class, his pork monopoly and contract rake-offs earned him a reputation for greed. While Sarit had shared his wealth with those he favored, Praphas wanted everything for himself. The shade of difference might seem fine, but it was important to their subordinates.

THE FIRST SIGN of a split appeared last year when Praphas's hog monopoly all but priced pork out of the market in Bangkok. Outraged at this reckless profiteering, Sarit publicly called for the resignation of a Praphas protégé and began to refer to Praphas as "Porky." Bangkok is sure that Praphas is behind the disclosures of Sarit's corruption. While getting his revenge for past humiliations, he also hoped to further his own cause by discrediting those who had remained close to Sarit, a dubious stratagem in this case.

Thanom, on the other hand, is perhaps too honest for his own good. Junior officers accustomed to their cumshaw are not happy over the unwonted purity of his régime. Compared with Sarit and Pibul, Thanom is not a strong leader. He lacks the simple but effective checks and balances by which his predecessors maintained power. Pibul survived for years by playing

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off the other strong men and their forces against each other. Sarit used a variation of the same formula, pitting the loyalty of Thanom against the ambitions of Praphas.

Thanom's greatest protection may rest in Praphas's unpopularity, which has increased since the Sarit revelations. Finding himself unable to marshal the support he needs to take power himself, Praphas, at least for the time being, appears to prefer the role of the power behind Thanom, who privately advocates a "Thaiist" policy, which, he says, is neither pro-West nor pro-Communist, but also not neutralist.

Thanom denies personal political ambitions and is promoting a new constitution under which elections will be held next year. In principle, this will end Thailand's military rule, but it would be idle to pretend that any new attempt to return to democratic government will not be followed eventually by another coup. Though the political parties have not yet been formed, military leaders are already expressing doubts about their policies and competence.

None of this would matter much if there were any promise, or hope, of continued government momentum of the type that existed during the Sarit régime. But the vacillating government is by no means certain to carry on Sarit's work in fields such as the critical northeast, where he made a real effort to raise the living standards of the nine million residents to the level of the rest of Thailand. As the result of his interest, three mobile development teams are now at work in the area to foster the growth of local self-government and to assist the villages to secure and use technical assistance in agriculture, health, water, roads, and local facilities. His plans called for everything from digging wells to the construction of highways, feeder roads, and railways.

The United States is extending the Friendship Highway north from Korat through the heart of the northeast, and Australian engineers are well advanced on a feeder-road project that is also being used as a training program for Thai engineers. A land-tenure system based on private landownership, the creation of adequate power at reasonable prices, and the encouragement of private industrial and commercial development were all originally Sarit projects.

On paper this is still the sort of program that may succeed in aborting Communist plans for setting off another war of national liberation among the discontented peasantry of the northeast. On the ground, it is not so simple. The magnitude of the task and the years of effort that will be needed have discouraged many officials. They have discovered to their dismay that there can be no great leap forward, that progress must be slow. Some have even begun to justify their flagging enthusiasm by questioning whether the urgency really exists. After all, they say, there is no certainty that the Communists can and will move from subversion to insurgency.

They may be right. The joint U.S.-Thai mobile information teams, which go out each month into regions where Bangkok officials have never previously penetrated and provide the only worthwhile intelligence available, do not present a picture of broad Communist subversion. The Pathet Lao has proved no more enterprising than the Thai government in going to remote hill regions in the north where many villages are as much as a five-day walk to the nearest Thai authority and some are a three-week walk to the nearest road. To travel in these areas is to journey back in time, with the men in wide-bottomed homespun pants and bright scarves, the women in full skirts and blouses, and smoking fat Burmese-type cheroots, and with even small boys puffing on their pipes.

Of Dominoes and Faith

Close to the Mekong River, however, the Pathet Lao has seeped in. In two areas armed groups are known to be training, and one official has estimated that a Communist uprising could count on a support group of at least a hundred thousand. This may have been crying wolf. If there is no cause for panic, however, there is less for complacency. That the Communists have not moved into a state of insurgency is no basis for believing that they lack either the will or the capacity. The Vietcong's preparations were very slow and patient in South Vietnam, so slow and so patient, in fact, that by the summer of 1959 the American embassy concluded they had been nibbled away to the point where they were no longer a danger. Yet on September 26, 1959, less than two months after a Congressional committee had heard this undiluted optimism, the Vietcong launched its first military attack and set off the war.

In view of the Thai Army's lack of field training, it would be unwise to expect that it would fare any better than the South Vietnamese Army fared in the first stages of the Vietcong war if insurgency does develop. Moreover, troops stationed in the northeast have been for the most part locally recruited, while the officers come from Bangkok. This is economical, but it does not make for close relations between officers and men. Communist penetration of the rank and file is known to have occurred, though it is difficult to determine exactly how much.

To Americans who subscribe to the falling-dominoes theory, the northeast seems less dangerous for Thailand than the possibility of a collapse in South Vietnam. But most western diplomatic observers in Bangkok are more sanguine than their American allies. "If South Vietnam goes, Thailand will certainly require massive western bolstering to keep the government with the West, but I don't think this is incapable of achievement," one of the most experienced diplomats told me.

That the Thai government has not yet given urgent consideration to the possibility of disaster in South Vietnam is partly a reflection of the rather optimistic intelligence reports that emanate from SEATO. Moreover, the Thais' faith in American military capacity was greatly strengthened by what they understood to be the Seventh Fleet's practical demonstration in the Gulf of Tonkin that Southeast Asia is worth the risk of a major war. This attitude is not without some built-in dangers. For if the American effort in Vietnam does end in the shock of defeat or in a face-saving Laos type of settlement, it is difficult to believe that Thailand's premier, no matter who he may be, would not urgently re-examine the worth of his country's western alliance.

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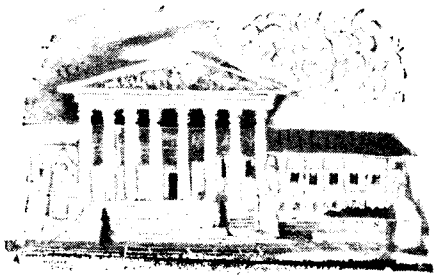

The Supreme Court Under Fire Again

ALPHEUS THOMAS MASON

SUPREME COURT head-hunters are again on the rampage. A constant refrain throughout our history, the tempo of criticism of the judiciary once more seems to be rising. The 1964 Republican platform contains an anti-court plank, supporting "a Constitutional amendment, as well as legislation," that would reverse the June 15 decision requiring both houses of bicameral state legislatures to be reapportioned on the principle of "one man, one vote." Congress now has before it several restrictive measures that would strip the court of its protective power over Constitutional rights or give unreapportioned state legislatures time to push through a Constitutional amendment upsetting the court's historic reapportionment mandate.

One hears echoes of 1937: Congress must use every available instrument to curb the Supreme Court. Then the justices were blamed for obstructing legislative power; now they are under attack for usurping it. Until 1937, the court checked government regulation of the economy at both state and national levels. Since 1954, it has repeatedly stepped into a vacuum created by the failure of Congress, the President (though less flagrantly), and the states to discharge their responsibility for a more equitable functioning of democracy.

When, in 1936, five and sometimes six justices stalled President Roosevelt's New Deal, the court was regarded as the ark of the covenant—the country's "greatest symbol of orderly, stable, and righteous government." But the halo that once shone so brightly around judicial heads has dimmed. The Warren court is indicted as a destroyer of the Constitution, the enemy of federalism, and the Communist Party's best friend. Even dissenting opinions of the court lend some support for the assault. Justice Harlan, for example, singles out basic principles, including separation of powers and federalism, as victims of the court majority's misguided drive to solve "every major social ill in this country." In 1935-36, amid an economic emergency more serious than war, an impasse occurred between Congress and the court. Thirteen acts of Congress were set aside in a single term, prompting dissenting Justice Harlan Fiske Stone to observe: "We seem to have tied Uncle Sam up in a hard knot."

Roosevelt and the Court

The high-level political war that ensued between President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes's court over such legislation as the Agricultural Adjustment Act was more subtle than is generally supposed. The justices, without exception, regarded New Deal legislation with a jaundiced eye; they differed not over the wisdom of the AAA but the court's power to invalidate it. Speaking for the majority, which included Hughes, Justice Roberts contended that upholding this act would mean "legislative powers without restriction or limitation." Congress might become "a parliament of the whole people, subject to no restrictions save such as are self-imposed." Federalism would be dead. Justice Stone, joined by two other dissenters, countered by asking the majority to consider the status of its *own* power. The Executive and Congress were limited by "the ballot and . . . the processes of democratic government," and "subject to judicial restraint; the only check upon our own exercise of power is our own sense of self-restraint." The three dissenters went on to charge judicial usurpation: under the guise of interpreting fundamental law, they argued, the court had made itself a super-legislature and had exceeded its authority.

Judicial review inevitably runs the risk of becoming judicial supremacy. Underscored in the AAA case is the basic inconsistency between judicial supremacy and popular government. Justice Roberts's opinion demonstrates the limits to which this oligarchic element in our politics can be carried. Justice Stone's plea for self-restraint shows how this danger can be reduced to a minimum. In the end, self-restraint triumphed. Confronted with President Roosevelt's threat to pack it, the court surrendered the power it had usurped. The justices upheld state and Federal legislation recently suspect on Constitutional grounds. The deadlock between Congress and court was thus broken by the justices themselves.

AFTER 1937, the Supreme Court was faced with the necessity of probing for the limits of the ascendant but still undefined "self-restraint" principle. Justice Stone spelled out some of his conclusions about the court's role in a three-paragraph footnote in the *Carolene Products* case of 1938, a statement that has considerable relevance to the Warren court's political and civil-rights decisions.

The first paragraph suggests that when legislation, on its face, contravenes the specific prohibitions set out in the Bill of Rights, the usual presumption of constitutionality may be curtailed or even waived.

The second paragraph indicates that the Judiciary has a special re-

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sponsibility where legislation "restricts those political processes which can ordinarily be expected to bring about repeal of undesirable legislation." The court thus becomes the ultimate guardian against abuses that would poison the primary check on government—the ballot box.

The third paragraph suggests the possibility of a special role for the court as protector of minorities and of unpopular groups peculiarly helpless at the polls in the face of discriminatory or repressive legislation. In short, it must be alert to legislative intrusions that prevent effective functioning of the political process; for without judicial intervention, statutes prejudicial to the unpopular and the weak might remain unrepealed, leaving their Constitutional rights unprotected.

The court, in its decisions following the retreat imposed by the court-packing threat, re-established the principle that reliance on normal political processes obviates the need for judicial pre-eminence in passing on legislation regulating the economy. It therefore logically followed that the court has a special responsibility to see to it that those processes are not impeded or polluted.

EMBODIED in the *Carolene Products* footnote was a program and a rationale destined to dominate the Supreme Court's work for the next twenty-five years. Certain justices, led by Hugo L. Black, consider First Amendment freedoms "preferred," or "absolute." More sacred than those of property and contract, these freedoms are protected from encroachment not only by the due-process requirement but also by the injunction that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble. . . ."

The underlying thought seems to be that though the Constitution does not embody, as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes said, any particular *economic* philosophy, it does incorporate a particular political theory, imposing on the court a larger responsibility with respect to the rights of persons than towards the rights of property. Against this theory, Justice Felix Frankfurter waged relentless war. Denouncing "preferred freedoms" as a "mischievous phrase," he denied the existence of any hierarchy of freedoms in the Constitution. Chariness in the exercise of judicial power in all areas would, he said, leave the court "a great and stately jurisdiction."

Except for occasional deviations, the court since 1937, and especially since 1953 when Earl Warren became chief justice, has nevertheless closely scrutinized government action that might threaten civil rights. The "self-restraint" banner raised in 1937 has not blinded the present chief justice to certain positive responsibilities. His court began to discharge these on May 17, 1954, the historic day when the justices handed down their unanimous decision in the school segregation cases. In rapid succession the Warren court began to shoulder other responsibilities mentioned in Stone's footnote of 1938. At a single sitting, June 17, 1957, the justices upheld the right of anyone to advocate overthrow of the government, so long as the preaching did not

openly urge specific action; they qualified the power of Congressional committees to make investigations and require witnesses to testify; they limited state power to force witnesses to co-operate in investigations authorized by state law.

Because of these decisions and others of this genre, the Warren court, like the Hughes court, became the object of fierce attack. Drastic measures were introduced, notably the Jenner-Butler bill of 1957-1958, designed to restrict the court's power and jurisdiction in the civil-rights area. In August 1958, the chief justices of thirty-six states issued a report expressing grave doubt whether we have a government of laws and not of men. The next year a committee of the American Bar Association charged that the Warren court's decisions facilitated the march of Communism. The Jenner-Butler bill went down to defeat in the Senate, thanks to the yeoman work of Lyndon B. Johnson, by the narrow margin of 49-41.

The Reapportionment Thicket

Prior to 1963, narrow rulings, sometimes five to four, were familiar. On the issues of speech, religion, right of association, and the court's responsibility therefor, five justices—Frankfurter, Clark, Harlan, Whittaker and Stewart—struck the balance against the individual. Warren, Douglas, Black, and Brennan took a broader view of the court's protective role. The 1961-1962 term marked a turning point. A historic step was taken on March 26, 1962, in *Baker* v. *Carr*. At long last the Court entered, over the vehement protests of Justices Frankfurter and Harlan, the "political thicket" of reapportionment. Speaking through Justice Brennan, the broad-view justices, augmented by Clark and Stewart, held that Tennessee had arbitrarily and capriciously apportioned seats in the General Assembly, violating the equal-protection clause of the Constitution. "Without judicial intervention," Justice Clark observed, the people of Tennessee "will be saddled with the present discrimination in the affairs of their state government."

As it turned out, Justice Frankfurter's lengthy dissenting opinion was his valedictory, for a few months later illness forced him to resign, as Justice Whittaker had done earlier. Byron R. White succeeded Whittaker and Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg replaced Frankfurter. No one could be sure how the newcomers would line up. The stage seemed set for judicial revolution.

Undaunted, the Warren court drove on. Judicial self-restraint seemed to be fighting a losing battle. The justices enforced the right to counsel in criminal cases, upheld the right to be free from unreasonable searches and seizures, enforced the right not to be punished in a cruel and unusual fashion, upset the New York State Board of Regents' prayer prescribed for public schools, and established in the Georgia county-unit case the "one man, one

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vote" principle. Justice Harlan, lone dissenter in the latter, complained helplessly of "the swift pace of current Constitutional adjudication." Addressing the American Bar Association in Chicago, he expressed his view of the court's role:

"One of the current notions that holds subtle capacity for serious mischief is a view of the judicial function that seems increasingly coming into vogue. This is that all deficiencies in our society which have failed of correction by other means should find a cure in the courts. . . . some well-meaning people apparently believe that the judicial, rather than the political process, is more likely to breed better solutions of pressing thorny problems. This is a compliment to the judiciary, but untrue to democratic principle."

'One Man, One Vote'

If the 1962-63 term of the court was revolutionary, 1963-64 was even more so. On February 17, 1964, in the Georgia reapportionment case (*Wesberry* v. *Sanders*), the justices continued to assert their responsibility for maintaining the democratic character of the political process. "As nearly as practicable," Justice Black wrote for the majority, "one man's vote in a congressional election is to be worth as much as another's"—in short, "one man, one vote." The effect of this six-to-three ruling was to provoke one of the sharpest cleavages in our judicial history. As in 1936, the issue dividing the justices in 1964 was not the merits of the decision but whether the Supreme Court had authority to make it. Said Justice Harlan:

"Today's decision has portents for our society and the Court itself which should be recognized. . . . The claim for judicial relief in this case strikes at one of the fundamental doctrines of our system of government, the separation of powers.

"This Court, no less than all other branches of the Government, is bound by the Constitution. The Constitution does not confer on the Court blanket authority to step into every situation where the political branch may be thought to have fallen short.

"What is done today saps the political process. The promise of judicial intervention in matters of this sort cannot but encourage popular inertia in efforts for political reform through the political process, with the inevitable result that the process is itself weakened. By yielding to the demand for a judicial remedy, . . . the Court in my view does a disservice both to itself and to the broader values of our system of government."

Earlier liberal dissenters, Holmes, Brandeis, and Stone, had accused the conservative majority of enforcing their own "economic predilections." Having abandoned special guardianship of property in favor of positive responsibility for the political process, latter-day liberals were accused by Justice Harlan of enacting a "particular political theory"—one man, one vote—for "no reason other than that it seems wise to the majority of the present Court."

The worst blow was yet to come

On June 15, 1964, the court, speaking through Chief Justice Warren, held that the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment requires apportionment of both houses of bicameral state legislatures substantially on a population basis. "Legislators represent people," the chief justice went on, "not trees or acres. . . . As long as ours is a representative form of government, and our legislators are those instruments of government elected directly by and directly representative of the people, the right to elect legislators in a free and unimpaired fashion is a bedrock of our political system. . . . To the extent that a citizen's right to vote is debased, he is that much less a citizen. . . . The Equal Protection Clause demands no less than substantially equal state legislative representation for all citizens, of all places as well as of all races."

The evil was widespread and notorious. Moreover, elimination of the rotten-borough scandal could hardly be expected from its beneficiaries. Kept in power by this system, rural majorities have blocked government efforts to deal with pressing urban problems, thus inviting Federal intervention—and the stuck-pig reaction of states'-righters.

Justice Harlan, again in dissent, envisaged the limit of judicial audacity. "With these cases the Court approaches the end of the third round set in motion by the complaint filed in *Baker* v. *Carr*," he said. On the merits, he might have agreed with the court's position. Harlan's complaint boiled down to the charge that the court had exceeded its powers, had substituted judicial supremacy for judicial review. The court should not, he repeated, " 'take the lead' in promoting reform when other branches of government fail to act." Reliance on the judiciary for political reform would weaken the vitality of our political system; it would "cut deeply into the fabric of our federalism." In 1936, Justice Stone had taken the majority to task for presuming to curb legislative experimentation. Justice Harlan now believes that *Baker* v. *Carr* should have been recognized for what it was, a judicial experiment into "venturesome constitutionalism."

In the spirit of John Marshall, who saw the Constitution's capacity to endure in terms of its adaptability to the various crises in human affairs, the court's majority has refused to heed Justice Harlan's repeated admonitions. Along with other agencies of government, it is helping to adapt, too fast for some, too slowly for others, a Constitution framed in an era of agrarianism to meet the complex problems of industrialism.

JUDICIAL LAWMAKING is not a new phenomenon, nor cause for surprise or apology. John Quincy Adams credited Chief Justice Marshall with "settling" more questions of Constitutional law than all the Presidents. In ten years Chief Justice Warren's court has resolved more controversial issues than did our fourth chief justice in three full decades. For Warren, a Bill of Rights, almost a forgotten appendage in 1787, is the "heart of any Constitution." Statistics document the point. In its 1935-1936 term, of the 160 decisions in which opinions were written, only two were in the civil-liberties area. During the 1960-1961 term, the court handed down 120 decisions in which opinions were written. Of these, fifty-four concerned civil rights. The lion's share of the court's business concerns civil rights, and an increasing proportion of the deci-

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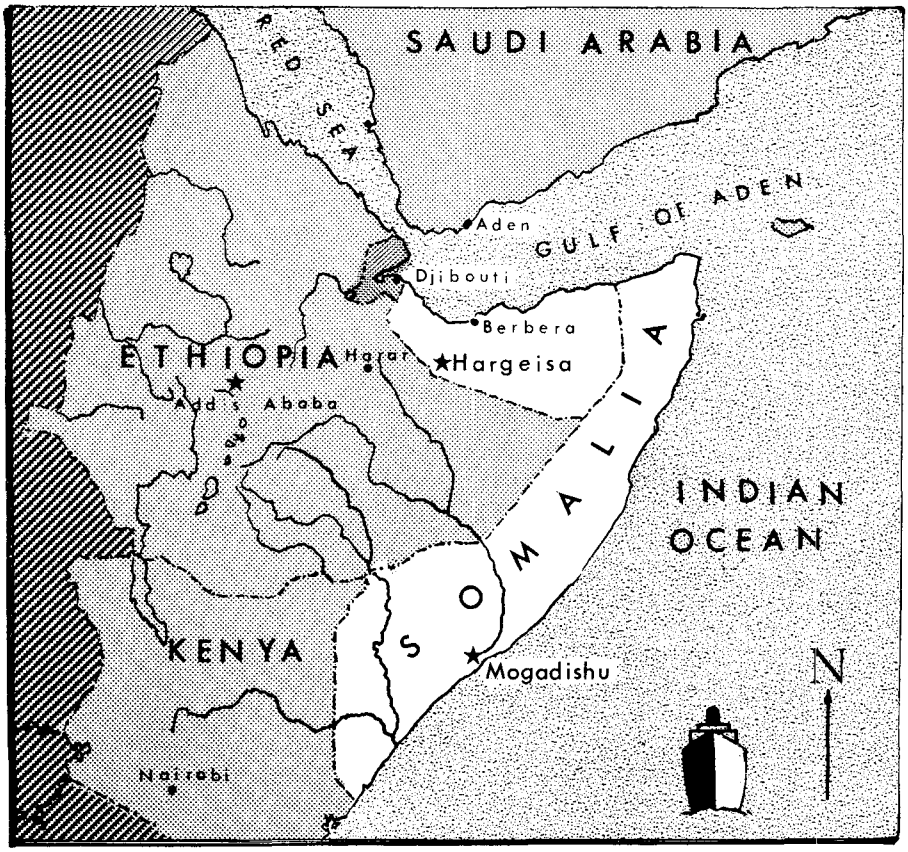
sions are in vindication of them.

The court will remain under fire. Whether the issue be economics, civil rights, or social reform, the court risks its position by attempting to resolve it. The Marshall court's effort to shore up the foundations of nationalism evoked bitter protest from Democratic-Republicans, particularly Jefferson. Taney's court brought shame on itself for trying to settle the slavery issue. Either way it might have decided the Dred Scott case would not have shielded it from furious opprobrium. The Taft court voided innumerable state laws designed to regulate economic and social abuses. The Hughes court set aside regulatory legislation, state and Federal, provoking, in certain quarters, a hornet's nest of criticism. Hughes drew highest praise for his court's statesmanlike adjudication in civil-liberties cases. Yet the Warren court, ironically, has provoked unrestrained abuse for entering the same field on a broad front.

"Whether by force of circumstance or deliberate design," Woodrow Wilson observed, Americans have—for better or worse—"married legislation with adjudication, and look for statesmanship in Courts." Conscious avoidance of controversial issues will not necessarily shield the court. Judicial hands-off, as advocated by Justices Frankfurter and Harlan, carries the dangerous implication that for certain recognized evils, however widespread, there is no remedy. Refusal to penetrate "political thickets" merely sanctions continuance of recognized wrongs.

The court's emergence since 1938 as guardian and defender of civil liberties, its assertion of responsibility for basic freedoms, has resulted from a critical breakdown of our democratic institutions. Action and inaction by the political agencies of government have dictated judicial initiative, even pre-eminence. The political branches, by indirectly thrusting upon the court delicate problems more properly their own, are the real culprits. Judicial intervention was a pragmatic reaction to the felt necessities of the times; no other remedy was available. Rising to the challenge, the court has filled the vacuum.



Somalia's Instant Army

PETER SCHMID

MOGADISHU, SOMALIA

In this desert land where the horn of Africa juts into the Arabian Sea, sporadic guerrilla warfare between Somalia and Ethiopia over borders has in the past four years opened the door to Russian and Chinese ambitions and involved Somalia in the East-West contest for influence in the continent. Somali nomads attack Ethiopian police stations and military convoys; Ethiopian Army forces go after the guerrillas and slaughter their herds; casualties have been heavy. A cease-fire agreement signed in Khartoum on March 30 which was intended to demilitarize the frontier zone has failed to bring peace. So far, the only beneficiaries of this protracted desert struggle have been the Russians. The Soviet Union has provided the Somalis with arms to support their claims for Somali-inhabited portions of Ethiopia and Kenya. In return they now have a toehold in this strategic nation athwart the approaches of the Suez Canal and the British base at Aden.

Warlike shepherds by tradition, the Somalis spread from the shores of the Red Sea southward to the mountains of Ethiopia and Kenya. European colonization in the nineteenth century arbitrarily separated the scattered Somalis but did not weaken their strong sense of nationhood. Independence finally came in 1960 when Somalia was created out of the former British and Italian colonies. It includes only one and a half million Somalis. Between five and six hundred thousand others live in the Haud and Ogaden regions of Ethiopia, in northern Kenya, and in tiny French Somaliland. A paragraph of the Somalia constitution pledges the country to seek reunification with these brethren "by peaceful methods." But now that the

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Ethiopian government is trying to restrict the nomadic Somalis' freedom of movement in their traditional Haud and Ogaden grazing lands and is even imposing taxes on them, these regions have inevitably become a theatre of armed conflict.

THE GUERRILLA WAR, many observers here agree, was deliberately fomented by the Somali leaders as a challenge to Ethiopia designed to provoke a major attack on their own country. Behind their calculations lay the fact that in addition to the 400,000 Somalis living under Ethiopian rule there are other minorities that, taken together, make up the great majority of the Ethiopian population. These Eritreans, Gallans, and others are as eager as the Somalis to throw off the Ethiopian yoke. The Somalis reasoned that if they could provoke Ethiopia into using its strong, American-equipped army to launch an attack upon Somalia, they would gain the sympathy and support of the other states of Africa which so far have been cool to Somalian nationalism since many have their own share of disaffected minorities and irredentist tribes. None, however, could ignore an assault by the U.S.-trained Ethiopian Army upon little Somalia. And the widespread condemnation of such an act might stir the other minorities of Ethiopia to revolt, precipitating the distintegration of that country and preparing the way for the creation of Greater Somalia.

This gamble was almost successful. Ethiopian planes did bomb the Somali summer capital, Hargeisa, and briefly invaded Somalia at the village of Tug Wajaleh in March, an attack which led to the Khartoum cease-fire. But the government in Addis Ababa is aware of its own vulnerability. This very awareness, in fact, is the chief reason it has categorically refused to grant any of the Somalis' demands. Any concessions would be bound to encourage other rebellious subjects. Nor is the situation improved by the Somalis' overweening demands. They brashly choose to regard the Gallans, a Hamitic tribe, as fellow Somalis, and include the Galla territory as far north as Harar in their claims.

This confused situation became even more tangled last year by a competition of East and West for influence in Somalia. On July 1, when Somalia celebrated the fourth anniversary of its independence with a military parade, western diplomats in Mogadishu, the capital, turned out equipped with binoculars and cameras. The previous October the American, West German, and Italian governments, which had been negotiating with Somalia on the scale and schedule of a joint military-aid program, had been informed that the Soviets were prepared to meet the wishes of the Somalis much more quickly and liberally. Moscow had taken advantage out of western hesitancy, and by concluding a pact with the Somalis had secured a bridgehead in a sensitive and strategic quarter of Africa. But the meager equipment displayed in the parade astonished the western observers. It consisted of outmoded medium-caliber anti-aircraft guns, light infantry weapons, and some trucks. Even though there had not been much time for the Russians to implement the program or to train Somali personnel, there was not much to show so far for the promised $30 million in military aid. Moreover, delay in supplying arms was precisely what the Somalis had complained about during their three years of negotiations with the western countries.

The Somalis wanted to double the size of their six-thousand-man army as quickly as possible. The western representatives, however, argued that the economy of the country could not support such an increase. As it was, Somalia was spending more than thirty-six per cent of its budget on the army and the five-thousand-man police force. It would be far more sensible, the westerners suggested, to raise the existing army of six thousand men to a state approaching combat-readiness. For the entity that proudly calls itself an army has nothing behind its soldiers: no transport organization, no engineer or medical corps.

Under the joint western plan, the Germans were to organize a transport system, the Americans to create an engineering corps, and the Italians to train the soldiers to fight. The plan would have cost the western countries some $10 million over three years, with no charge to the Somalis. The only stipulation was that for the duration of the plan the Somalis were to make no military agreements with other powers. But the Somalis found this stipulation offensive to their pride. They also thought they were getting too little.

The Russians were seemingly far more generous. They offered $30 million in military equipment and training, with no conditions, but left the time element vague while talking about an army that might eventually reach twenty thousand men. The Mogadishu government dreamed of new divisions miraculously springing from the ground, but overlooked or chose to ignore that they were being offered a loan, not a gift. What did it matter if they offended their western friends, and if the Italians withdrew their military experts? Moscow was sending enough to make up for all losses.

NO ONE KNOWS what the price will finally be to the Somalis. In all such military-aid arrangements, cost figures are relative. The crucial questions are how high the delivered material is priced, how long it is usable, how the cost of necessary advice and training is reckoned. Western diplomats in Mogadishu estimate that the antiquated Soviet material will be scrap in ten years, and the Somalis will have to go on paying for twenty.

For the present, however, euphoria prevails in Mogadishu and the Russians are heroes here. Moreover, as even their western rivals concede, the Russians have earned their popularity by their extramilitary aid—"unselfish" aid, as they like to put it. But their choice of projects is highly political. They have presented the Somalis with a government printing plant—and the local Soviet advisers see to it that the *Corriere di Somalia* and its Arabic counterpart, which are published in the plant, reprint a quantity of articles from Russian sources. Then there is the closely guarded fifty-kilowatt broadcasting station being built on the outskirts of Mogadishu. When I succeeded, with the aid of a friendly policeman, in slipping through the barriers and appearing abruptly in the midst of the Soviet engineers, I created an uproar and

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an official Soviet protest was lodged with President Aden Abdullah Osman against the "smuggling in of imperialistic spies." It is rumored that the broadcasting station (which is also to be run by Soviet technicians) is secretly being expanded into a relay station for the transmission of Soviet propaganda throughout Africa.

The more farsighted Somalis are beginning to feel uncomfortable about all this secrecy. Is the port of Berbera, which is situated directly opposite the British strong point of Aden, really being built up by the Russians for purely unselfish reasons?

The Soviet aid program has had its failures. A meat-canning factory was built in the south, where there are not enough cattle, and a dairy where there is no milk available. In the vicinity of the village of Tug Wajaleh, which was shattered by Ethiopian artillery last spring, I visited a highly mechanized Soviet-run state farm where rows of reapers and other expensive agricultural machinery stood mostly out in the open. New machines had just arrived, but there was no Russian to supervise the unloading. The Somali workmen made short work of it. They ran a cable around the crates, hitched a tractor to the cable, and down the stuff tumbled from the truck. How Khrushchev's heart would have bled if he could have seen those smashed crates and, worse yet, the surrounding fields of scrubby wheat! Last year's harvest, I was told, did not even equal the seed.

Moreover, this state farm, like the military aid, is not a gift but a loan. Some day the Somalis will have to pay for all those rusting machines—and in this country, completely lacking an economic base, there is no prospect that they will be able to.

A glance at statistics shows that since Somalia attained independence in 1960 it has received economic aid in the form of gifts totaling nearly $80 million. Two-thirds of this was provided by Italy and the United States. The Soviet Union has contributed exactly one per cent. But of about $75 million in loans, Italy holds 6.5 per cent, the United States 2.7 per cent, and the Soviet Union 61 per cent. If the Soviets ever get their money back, they will have bought their strategic position in Africa cheap. Even if they lose the money, they are getting something of a bargain. Unlike in most of the other African countries, where the requisite investments are enormous and the yields uncertain, in Somalia relatively small sums can achieve large results. That is the reason the Russians, who are going slow after various rebuffs in Africa (aside from the special case of Zanzibar), are risking a heavy commitment here.

Hope for the West

Will their calculations prove correct? Western diplomats in Mogadishu have recently seen grounds for hope that the West is no longer so far behind in the race. In the March 30 elections of this year the Somali Youth League, which emerged from the independence movement as the strongest party, won an overwhelming election victory. Prime Minister Abdirashid Ali Shermarke, head of the party, an admirer of Nasser and the man responsibile for Somalia's virulent nationalism and turn to the East, was expected to continue in office. The party executive voted 88 to 2 to propose him to President Osman for reappointment as prime minister. But the president, who had

thitherto been overshadowed by Shermarke, rebelled. By his intemperate policies Shermarke had imposed a grievous financial burden on the country, and had isolated Somalia not only from the West but also from its brother countries in Africa. The president chose a moderate politician of the Youth League, Abdirizak Haji Hussein. The new prime minister publicly disavowed his predecessor's aggressive policies. What was more, he gathered around him in his cabinet a number of dynamic young men in place of the tribal notables, some of them illiterate, whom Shermarke had used to bolster his position. Shermarke's supporters in the Youth League struck back in July, ousting Abdirizak's régime on a vote of no confidence. But the president redesignated him to head a caretaker government and he remained in office despite the party crisis.

There is another consolation for the West. The Soviet-oriented army is matched by a police force nearly equal in numbers and superior in quality, which has had full military training. The commander of this force is General Mohammed Abscir, who studied at Princeton and makes no secret of his leanings toward the West. The United States recently provided him with a new police school, and it will surprise nobody if western aid to the police force were to be stepped up to keep pace with the Soviet expansion of the army.

Even General Abscir, however, must take a nationalistic position on the question of Somali reunification. The trend toward moderation in Mogadishu can last only if Somalia's enemies—Kenya, backed by Great Britain and linked in a defense pact with Ethiopia, which has been armed by some $100 million in U.S. aid—will agree to some compromise on the question of Somali minorities. If the more moderate policy of a man like Abdirizak should also meet inflexible resistance in Kenya and Ethiopia, there could easily be an abrupt switch in Somalia to even more extreme nationalism. "We will go along with anyone who will help us achieve our national aims," Colonel Abdi, the police chief of Hargeisa, told me. "Even Chinese volunteer troops will be welcome."

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THE REPORTER

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Sons and Fathers

WILLIAM SAROYAN

ONE NIGHT in New York in 1941 there was an old man who said he decided early in his life not to father any children because he didn't feel he had the right to impose himself on anybody else. He didn't want to see himself continuing in anybody else. He was about sixty, and he appeared to be still mad at his father, and not especially pleased about his mother either. He was a friend of a drama critic I had been drinking with, so he sat at our table.

I hadn't found a wife at that time. If I had any kids, I didn't know about them, which of course is the same as not having any. But what the man said was silly and a lie. He had an inferiority complex, although that in itself is not necessarily an undesirable thing, for I've never known anybody who didn't have some kind of a feeling of inferiority in relation to somebody or something. At the same time he was bragging. He was a man of wealth and of a certain order of achievement in a mixture of chemistry and electronics. He seemed to be well up on everything going on in pretty much all of the new fields of scientific research, experimentation, and discovery. He had come from nothing, from a big family of nobodies, as he put it, and he had turned out to be the only one of the lot who had gotten anywhere at all. He dressed properly, for instance, and carried a stick.

The critic had been telling me about the kind of girl he was looking for, and he had gone on a little after the arrival of the richer and older man, and that was how the richer man had come to talk about having decided never to be a father. He seemed to be saying that when they made *him*, they broke the mold. It seemed entirely unnecessary for him to say that, however, for the fact is they hadn't broken the mold at all. There were a great many others out of the same mold, and there would always be.

As it happened, the drama critic never found the girl he believed he was looking for, although he found a good many others. Well, just what sort of a girl *had* he been looking for? A perfect girl, of course, and he probably knew he'd never find her, although I couldn't at the time see why not. If he couldn't find her, he could create her. And if he couldn't do that, he could compromise like everybody else.

The rich man's theory astonished me, though, for I couldn't imagine any man not having as the primary purpose of his life the finding of a wife, the making of a home, and the beholding of his own children. I couldn't see how anything else could possibly be more basic and primary in any man's life, but little by little as the years went by I noticed that there were many men who didn't have that primary purpose and as a matter of fact were opposed to it.

I REMEMBER when I first read *Liliom* by Ferenc Molnar how impressed and moved I was by the simplicity and clarity of *that* purpose in the play.

Molnar himself came to New York and was sitting in Sardi's one night when I was introduced to him. Now, things happen, foolish and strange and yet somehow meaningful, too. When I heard his name I said, "But Molnar's dead." This didn't offend him, although it embarrassed me. There was another Mid-European playwright whose stuff I had read in *Vanity Fair* and in books, and he *had* died, and I had gotten the two names mixed up. I couldn't think of the other playwright's name, and while I was trying to think of it, in order to announce it and somewhat diminish the folly of my remark, Molnar said first that he felt flattered to have been thought of as being dead, and then he said the fact was that in a very real sense he *was* dead.

This all happened in high spirits, but I didn't like having said what I had said, and I wanted to remember the name of the other playwright but couldn't. When you're trying to remember something and at the same time trying to listen to what others are saying and to reply to what they are saying, this searching for the forgotten thing makes almost anything you say seem a little strange, a little disconnected, and possibly even witty. There were five or six of us at the table, which became noisy with laughter after everything I said. I just couldn't remember the other writer's name. A week or two later it came to me, and I was astonished that it should ever have been confused with Molnar's: Arthur Schnitzler. I ran into somebody who had been at the table at Sardi's that night and I told him to please tell Molnar I had been thinking of Schnitzler, and the following night Molnar asked me and the man to have dinner with him. And so from time to time I saw him, and each time I saw him he was gentler than the time before, more deeply hushed and more resigned to the sorrow that seemed to have seized him, that seemed to have come from a profound loss. Was it the death of the woman in whom much of himself had had its truest reality? His banishment from his native land, and from his beloved Budapest? The end of a whole world of which he had been both an important and pleasant part?

New York was fine, but he was never able to make the scene. It was full of Hungarians, but they were just as lost as he was, although a number of them were too busy to notice. After the war I saw him again from time to time, but by then the loss appeared to be total, and there was no push in him to return to Budapest. It was all over. Budapest was another place and another thing entirely now.

Late in 1948 when I saw him several times I began to feel some of the same sort of loss in my own life, and he noticed this. He said that as a young man he had gone to his father about a profound loss in his life: the woman he had loved had

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thrown him over for somebody else. Molnar had believed that the only solution to the problem was suicide. His father had said that that might very well be so, but first to start the writing of a new play and not to stop until it was finished. And then if he still felt that suicide was the only solution, that would be the proper time for it. Molnar said that he heeded the words of his father and immediately went to work. He worked hard and steadily, and soon the play was finished. The name of it was *Liliom*. Everybody at dinner was amused and one of the women said, "And so again a woman has been the cause of the making of a work of art." Molnar smiled, and the woman's husband said, "And of course after writing the play the woman meant nothing to you." Again Molnar smiled, but this time he spoke, too. "No, I could *still* commit suicide over that woman. But now I can't sit down and write that way any more, for *any* reason."

AND THEN there was an American playwright, only a little older than myself and only a few years on the scene before me. One wintry day early in 1949 he said, "Let's sit down somewhere and have a drink and talk." Well, I didn't expect the drink to be tea, but that's what it was. He was speaking of himself, of course: "Everything that happens to you, however painful, you must use as a writer, you must be grateful for, you must add to everything else you have and know."

Well, I was in a bad way by that time, and this news made me laugh, for I had come to the same conclusion as a small boy. And I had lived by it. Now, though, I wasn't finding it so easy to live by any longer, because it was no longer myself alone, it was also my son and my daughter, and their mother. I was divided into a number of parts, and that which had been valid for me undivided just wasn't valid for me any longer. I was *in* the others, but without the control of them that I had always had of myself. The most important parts of me were here and there, where I couldn't get at them and hold them together, and this was all new to me.

Something lingers in the human family that is from certain branches of the animal family. Total love, straight through to issue, to children, can be a killer, and no man who is killed by love is ever again the same, or ever again a son. He is a father forever after.

The Frog-Prince

I am a frog.
I live under a spell.
I live at the bottom
Of a green well.

And here I must wait
Until a maiden places me
On her royal pillow
And kisses me
In her father's palace.

The story is familiar;
Everybody knows it well.
But do other enchanted people feel as nervous
As I do? The stories do not tell,

Ask if they will be happier
When the changes come
As already they are fairly happy
In a frog's doom.

I have been a frog now
For a hundred years,
And in all this time
I have not shed many tears.

I am happy, I like the life,
Can swim for many a mile
(When I have hopped to the river)
And am for ever agile.

And the quietness,
Yes, I like to be quiet.
I am habituated
To a quiet life.

But always when I think these thoughts
As I sit in my well,
Another thought comes to me and says:
It is part of the spell

To be happy,
To work up contentment,
To make much of being a frog,
To fear disenchantment;

Says, it will be heavenly
To be set free,
Cries heavenly the girl who disenchants,
And the royal times heavenly,
And I think they will be.

Come, then, royal girl and royal times,
Come quickly.
I can be happy until you come
But I cannot be heavenly.
Only disenchanted people
Can be heavenly.

—STEVIE SMITH

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Vox Humana Fortissimo

JOHN M. CONLY

THE PERFORMER of serious music most heard by Americans in our times is neither a famous conductor nor a prima donna of the opera, but a genial Anglo-American named Edward George Power Biggs, the leading organist of North America and probably of the world, now that Albert Schweitzer is no longer active. His influence stems from the fact that for sixteen years, starting in 1942, he commanded a Sunday-morning radio audience of millions, and he has recorded some sixty albums with sales of other millions. E. Power Biggs, as he is known professionally (he is "Biggsy" to his wife and friends), did not play down to his huge radio audience, with the result that many listeners all over the country who probably would have considered the *1812 Overture* formidably classical came to have an easy familiarity with Bach chorale preludes. His recordings added to and carried forward this effect.

More than half of Biggs's recordings, and all the microgroove releases, were made for Columbia; the others, except for one Technicord, were RCA Victor 78s. He thinks that some of these may have lost money. The companies, though the sales records of the earlier discs have vanished where old files go, are inclined to dispute this. Thus, a Biggs suggestion at Columbia for a project, however ambitious, is accepted today without question. In the mid-1950's, when David Oppenheim, then artists-and-repertoire director for Columbia, boggled briefly at one of Biggs's first "organ tour" proposals—to capture the sounds of historic European organs—Biggs put up a substantial part of the initial costs himself. He still does this from time to time because he wants to feel free to do things he thinks need doing, but it is no longer really necessary. Goddard Lieberson, president of Columbia, is an ardent Biggs enthusiast. Without the slightest objectivity, Lieberson says of Biggs: " . . . A superb artist, aware of *all* the elements of his art. Not content with mastery at organ playing, he has made incursions into musicology, architecture, linguistics, history, and —I suppose one might say—cabinetmaking."

The last comment bears on the fact that when Biggs once tested an organ which Handel had helped design, he sensed a wrongness in pitch, removed the whole set of pipes, and had them shortened into proper voice. "What the deuce," Biggs said. "That's what Handel would have done."

E. POWER BIGGS was born in Westcliff, near London, in 1906, the son of an architect. He set out at first to be an electrical engineer, but happily was deflected by winning an organ scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. There he met the conductor Sir Henry Wood, who began presenting him in concerts at Queen's Hall with the festival orchestra and as a soloist.

In the early 1930's, he came "almost instinctively" to the United States for a series of concerts, including several at the huge and venerable John Wanamaker department store in New York. He liked it here, and when he went back to England he entered his name on the immigration-quota list. He soon returned and secured the post of organist at Christ Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he still lives. "To my great good fortune," he told me, "the rector fired me within the year. Chancels are all very well, in their way, but a free-lance career is more interesting."

Certainly this is true of his own career. Biggs next became engrossed with the works of the American composer Leo Sowerby, who in appreciation composed an organ concerto for him and persuaded Serge Koussevitzky to perform its premiere with the Boston Symphony and E. Power Biggs. Koussevitzky was even more taken with the organist than with the concerto and signed Biggs to play for him in the first American recording of the Beethoven *Missa Solemnis*. Before long—and this still continues—major orchestras began scheduling works with organ parts very largely according to the availability of Biggs. When Philharmonic Hall at New York's Lincoln Center was given its musical christening in 1962, the first name posted outside was Biggs's. In a special festive program of the Philadelphia Orchestra the same year, Biggs not only played the Saint-Saëns *Third Symphony*, the Poulenc concerto, and the Samuel Barber *Toccata* with Eugene Ormandy and the orchestra but also performed a Bach solo before the intermission, while the orchestra relaxed and listened along with the ticketholders.

BIGGS began recording for RCA Victor in 1939. He performed some unlikely works, such as the Felton concerto and certain of the Corelli trio sonatas, with the Fiedler Sinfonietta. Much to Biggs's surprise, the public response was good. He soon found himself engaged in fairly regular production, especially of Bach works, even though in this area his competition was formidable: Albert Schweitzer.

The two made a dramatic contrast. Schweitzer's Bach was broadly lyrical, almost romantic. Speaking now of how he played Bach in those days, Biggs recalls that he sounded like a counterpoint machine. But his austerity and rigor appealed to many listeners. His approach in the years since has deepened immeasurably, so that music and performer now seem one spirit. Still, in such flashing works as the "Fanfare" Fugue, on records made in 1945 and 1963, the Biggs vigor is unmistakably the same.

The Sunday morning concerts over the CBS Network began in 1942, at the instance of James Fassett, CBS music director, and Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. They originated in the Busch-Reisinger Museum at Harvard. Biggs's most loyal listeners in those days were the news commentator Raymond Gram Swing, who used to send in an almost weekly appreciation and critique of the broadcasts, and a communications technician in a remote section of the Canadian Northwest Territories, who regularly roused himself at five in the morning to steep his senses in Bach and Handel for the week to come, and always reported on his reception of the program. Equally welcome in

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another sense were Leo Sowerby, Virgil Thomson, Howard Hanson, Walter Piston, Quincy Porter, Roy Harris, Daniel Pinkham, and Ned Rorem, all American composers, who submitted, with varying diffidence, works of their own for Biggs to introduce over the air. The radio organist had a public not quite like any other, and these men knew it.

Until the time of Haydn and Beethoven, nearly every great composer was an organist. The organ was sole outlet for their first-magnitude concepts in pure and wordless music. Beethoven (who commented on this) and changing times delivered some of the organ's duties to the symphony orchestra. The microphone has altered things again. In the past, an orchestra could bring Brahms to any town, but the music lover who wanted Bach or Buxtehude at their best had to travel to places in Europe where the pipes of the master-builder Arp Schnitger could voice it as it was conceived. To realize this point, Biggs lately journeyed from one to another of a dozen surviving Schnitger organs in Germany and Holland, dating from 1682, recording major works on all of them for the Columbia album *The Golden Age of the Organ*. Now the organ visits us.

This and other albums he has made in the last decade on authentic period organs amply prove his liveliest thesis: that the old organs, precisely tuned and trimmed by men like Schnitger who lived and slept in the lofts of the churches where they were working, have musical voices almost generically different from those of a latter day. More recently, organmakers notched the mouths of the pipes to produce an approximation of key and tone never either quite right or quite wrong—or aurally vital. Later they compounded this fault by supplanting the straight physical tracker action (which allowed the organist much the same touch control that a harpsichordist has) with electrical assists, which reduced all playing to a level of crude competence. If Biggs's strictures on modern technology seem harsh, even more tellingly so are the angelic voices of the elder instruments which fill his various "tour" discs: *The Organ; Bach at Zwolle; Organ Music of Spain and Portugal; The Organ in America; The Art of the Organ; A Mozart Organ Tour; The Organ Concertos of Handel;* and a forthcoming set of Haydn concertos, made in the Austrian town of Eisenstadt.

THE Biggs influence has been felt, of course. The first effects have been around Harvard. Biggs has no official connection with the university, but apparently his opinions are as clearly heard there as his pedal point. The Harvard Memorial Church's 1932 electric-action organ is being dismantled, yielding place to a baroque-style instrument with tracker action. The new, big, beautiful baroque organ in the Busch-Reisinger Museum, on which Biggs has recorded nearly all his domestic discs of the stereo era, is the joint concept of Biggs and the Dutch manufacturer Dirk Flentrop, who sent his own expert crews across the ocean to install it. Other prospective purchasers in the United States, particularly colleges, have noted that the Flentrop, for all its points of musical perfection, cost rather less than the motor-driven organs in most wealthy metropolitan churches.

Goddard Lieberson could have mentioned one more facet of Biggs's versatility, audio engineering. Columbia's technicians have comparatively little work to do on Biggs recordings. He used to take his own equipment on location, but stereo (requiring two of everything) made this onerous. However, he is supervisor as well as performer at the sessions, and does the main part of the tape editing himself at home. There are two organs in his house as well, one of them a period portative hardly more than lap size, and a Challis pedal harpsichord.

His electrical engineering experience proved useful in 1958, when he beguiled Columbia into an ambitious joint project. This was to record the complete Handel organ concertos on an organ Handel had played and had helped design. Biggs found the organ in a church on the estate of the Earl of Aylesford, near the tiny village of Great Packington, in the Forest of Arden. The Earl endorsed the venture, but pointed out that there was no electricity within a mile of the place. It was needed not only for the tape recorders but also for a blower to replace the tattered eighteenth-century hand bellows that fed the little organ.

Biggs is not named E. Power for nothing. A day later, a mile of cable was unwinding along the Arden hedgerows to the church. The blower was installed and is still there for the enjoyment of the Earl and his retainers, gratis. "You have to pay for history," Biggs said. It was worth the trouble; the resulting three albums are as pure happy splendor as anything on vinyl.

LAST MONTH something most unusual took place within the Columbia Records catalogue; an E. Power Biggs LP was deleted. It was one of his best-sellers, the all-Bach *Music of Jubilee* (ML 4435). The reason for the deletion: to make room for another *Music of Jubilee*. Its content—jubilant music illustrating the Church calendar year—is almost identical. The new one, however, is available in stereo for those who want it so. Among these is Biggs. "An organ," he says, "really needs its own space around it, and at last, with stereo, a record can create this."

A BIGGS SAMPLING

(Columbia Records)

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BOOKS

Happy Birthday, Whoever You Are

DAVID LITTLEJOHN

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: A BIOGRAPHY, by A. L. Rowse. *Harper & Row. $6.95.*

SHAKESPEARE: A BIOGRAPHY, by Peter Quennell. *World. $6.95.*

HOW SHAKESPEARE SPENT THE DAY, by Ivor Brown. *Hill & Wang. $5.*

There are two ways of writing a biography of Shakespeare. The first is to tell all that one knows about the man William Shakespeare. This can be done, and has been done, in ten pages. One notes his Stratford family, his birth approximately four hundred years ago last April, his wedding at eighteen to a pregnant older woman, the names of their children; then his partnership in a company of players, the fairly certain list of his poems and plays, his various addresses, the property he bought and sold, a few minor lawsuits, tax bills, and civic enterprises; the reports of a handful of friends (and one enemy) on his moderate fame, his agreeable nature; some dedications, some deeds, and his will; his death in 1616. With less assurance, the biographer can then take note of the seventeenth-century legends—the deer poaching, Shakespeare's roles at the Globe, his London wenching, the Stratford carouse with Jonson and Drayton that supposedly brought on his death.

This is something, but it is hardly enough. It does not conjure up a man. It is dispiriting, when we try to turn from the writing to the writer, to have England's greatest word-art dwindle to a few property deeds and dedications and a second-best bed. So we try to squeeze out something more.

The second way to write Shakespeare's biography, then, is to guess, conjecture, invent, bluff, digress, fill in "background," and analyze and criticize the poetry for several hundred more pages. Add capsule biographies of Elizabeth, Essex, Marlowe, Jonson, Greene, and (especially) the Earl of Southampton; summarize the social, political, economic, and cultural history of Elizabethan England; describe the Warwickshire countryside, 1588 London, and the shape of the Globe; and discuss Shakespeare's plots and plot sources, other men's plays, and show business, playwrighting, and the printing trade generally at the turn of the sixteenth century. What we have then—we have just got three more—is a book-length "Shakespeare: His Life and Times," but mainly his times.

There is something not entirely genuine, then, about these three new biographies, or at least about two of them. The third doesn't quite pretend to be a proper biography, and is all the more successful. There is little that is strikingly new. The first, the great historian's Shakespeare, is full to bursting with detail and critique and conjecture; but it is aggressively, offensively written, and almost physically uncomfortable to read. The second, by a professional biographer, is a patch-up of the same general sort. It is shorter, less pretentious, and agreeably readable—if not so miscellaneously informative. The third book, by a theatrical journalist, is the smallest, most modest of all. It is a winning little book, one that actually tells us something new and worth knowing about Will Shakespeare.

A. L. ROWSE'S great new theme is Shakespeare's sex life, the sonnet business, the ups and downs, the pains and aftereffects of Shakespeare's supposedly not entirely requited love for the Earl of Southampton in 1593-1595, an affair triangulated toward the end by the entrance of the famous Dark Lady. For Rowse, there is no problem. It is all simply and unquestionably literal fact, read exactly out, sonnet by sonnet, as obvious autobiography. "The game has now come to an end, for good and all . . . the problem is solved, as is clear for all to see." To this, the heart of his analysis, he devotes forty close pages in the center of the book. He then spreads its color over the rest of Shakespeare's work and life, finding more and more "obvious" corroborations. Every play now yields nostalgic echoes of the bitter affair.

My objection to Rowse's book is not that this is all false: much of it, most of it may be true. It is rather that his pretensions are so vastly in excess of the facts, his assurances so entirely unwarranted, his manner and tone so pompous, so pushy, so uncivil.

It all begins, he insists, with something called "historical method." "It has enabled me to solve, for the first time, and definitively, the problem of the Sonnets. . . . I have, for the first time, been able to establish the date and occasion of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*." "Only the historian" can follow what Shakespeare wrote, "humbly line by line," with an eye to outside events "with firmness and achieve certainty." "Only the historian" can appreciate Shakespeare's conservative political genius, and thus *Henry V;* only the historian can

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discover all the buried references to Essex.

Rowse's trumpeted "historical method" often seems no more than a thin framework of matched-together dates and patched-together facts, filled in with cubic yards of egoistic bluster and assertion. "We have no reason to doubt that *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* was produced to grace the occasion" (the Countess of Southampton's second marriage). "There is no reason now for doubting that Marlowe was the rival poet of the Sonnets." There are good reasons for doubting both. "All commentators have taken this as a reference to the Armada of 1588. It is not." "There has been some doubt about the dating of the play: I do not see why: it visibly comes between *Troilus* and *Measure for Measure,* and it breathes the atmosphere of early 1603."

Throughout, Rowse pretends that Shakespeare's life, his thoughts, his actions, his motives and meanings are all transparently clear. The only reason I can conceive for this bland and patently fraudulent pretension of "knowing all" is nothing more nor less than intellectual pride: Rowse refuses to admit that any Shakespeare can be too paradoxical or ineluctable for a great historian to understand. What we resist, in the end, are not Rowse's facts, not his conjectures, but his shoveling technique, his constant and unwelcome presence in the book. He interrupts the stream of his own thickish prose with silly asides, exclamations, rhetorical questions. There are tasteless inlays of cheap editorializing, of Conservative cant. Each man may indeed make his own Shakespeare; but it takes a grotesquely perverted lack of historical imagination to turn *Coriolanus* or *Henry IV* into splenetic attacks on the welfare state.

It was obviously the fate of Peter Quennell's *Shakespeare* to be everywhere measured against Rowse's. For, despite its disagreeable features, Rowse's book, with its wealth of detail, is the year's most impressive Shakespeare biography. Quennell duplicates his senior's outline exactly, chapter by chapter; he fills up his book with all the same material for a Type 2 biography—lively background material, side biographies, respectable critiques of the works in chronological order. He indulges in Rowse's sport of hunting out quotations to shore up biographical conjectures, sniffing out Shakespeare from his works; and he reaches much the same conclusions as Rowse in regard to Shakespeare's loves.

Several factors make Quennell's effort the more generally readable. He is, first, better trained at quick, graceful, popular writing, and can often say as much in a page as Rowse does in ten: he covers the details of Shakespeare's will and death in two substantial paragraphs, while Rowse is still lumbering through his documents and sources. He can carve out great slices of intellectual history without the professional historian's baroque armory of detail. He is always moving modestly and clearly forward, casting his light.

Secondly, Quennell is a critic of considerably clearer head and com-

moner sense. Rowse has a tendency to stuffy Bardolatry; Quennell keeps his reader's wits always about him. He can flick the early poems with his nail and hear them ring dead, and then *say* so. His ear for living verse permits him to make keen believable judgments of the Histories—and, more importantly here, of what Shakespeare thought when he wrote them.

Finally, he is far less proud, less assertive, less unkind. "At every stage of his existence, the great majority of statements that we make about Shakespeare's character and private life must be made in a conditional form." His treatment of the Sonnets, as I say, reaches most of the same conclusions as Rowse's; but he *admits* to their tentative nature, confesses his difficulties, goes no farther than his due. His tasteful and brief account is ultimately far more convincing.

Quennell's freakish hobbyhorse, to correspond to Rowse's sonnet affair, is the Earl of Essex. Together with his Queen, the doughty Essex steals center stage from Shakespeare for a full chapter and a half. Quennell pretends this is all really about Shakespeare, but his very imbalance convicts him. Whenever he gets caught up with his substitute hero, his noble Essex—about whom, after all, we know so much more—he can forget to mention the poor playwright for pages at a time. He was fascinated by the Earl of Essex and decided to tell us about him.

Ivor Brown, before Kenneth Tynan, wrote dramatic criticism for the *Observer* and for the *Guardian;* his wife is a professional director. He is a dedicated, thoroughgoing, experienced man of the theatre. Since, as he makes beautifully clear, this is precisely what Shakespeare was, no one is better equipped than Brown, by temper and training, to reconstruct "How Shakespeare Spent the Day."

His book does not pretend, as I noted, to be a full-fledged biography. It is the story of Shakespeare's conscious workaday world, the competitive, hard-working life of the London stage. With a combination of fine source quotations, of prudent and informed conjectures, and of a spirited theatrical imagination, Brown whips it all back into life—the company and its owners, the directors, the stars, the supers, the ad-libbing clowns, the lively milieu, the company hacks churning out plays like TV writers, the scripts and prompt-books, the costumes and props, the records and schedules, the money problems, the audiences, going on tour; Shakespeare the part owner, Shakespeare the actor, Shakespeare at a casting meeting, Shakespeare at rehearsals, Shakespeare walking to work, Shakespeare busily scratching away at his candlelit desk.

He does daring things in the process—makes counter-reflective conjectures back from twentieth-century practice to Elizabethan, in-

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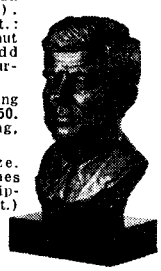

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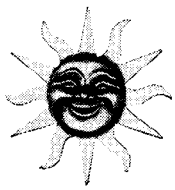

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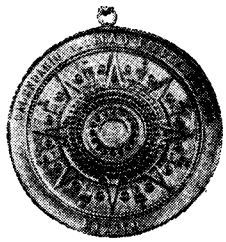

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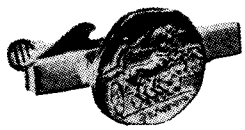

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vents little tiring-room scenes of Shakespeare arguing with his colleagues. But he gets away with it all, because he is so obviously right. This *is* how Shakespeare spent the day, for twenty or twenty-five years. It is right that we be reminded of it, and a joy to be reminded so brightly, to have it re-created with such verve. The *esprit* of Shakespeare's company —owners, stars, players, crew, writers together—is evoked with a just exuberance, and then Shakespeare is planted in the center.

I believe in Ivor Brown's Shakespeare. But convincing and near-complete as he is, we must not forget how much is missing. Brown has given us as genuine and close-up a motion picture as we are ever likely to get of Shakespeare's typical day. But he leaves out—he admits he leaves out—"that other world from which the Sonnets came, a world of intense devotions and passions, deep pleasures and bitter disenchantments." He leaves out also, but for a few glimmers, that strange artistic alchemy down deep inside the head, far below the workaday theatrical concerns.

IT IS CLEAR that, for the most part, generation after generation, we can only rejuggle our few pebbles of fact, respin, reconjecture to suit our peculiar demands. Some minds seem to come closer to Shakespeare's, however, seem to possess the right attributes to needle their way in: minds no doubt humane, sympathetic, imaginative, the most like his. Keats, in his way, came awesomely near. In his simpler, no-nonsense, "outside" way, Brown has reached home too.

I cannot help thinking, though, that it is still the view *inside* we are after: what did the imagination feel like that could dream of Cleopatra, could spin out the speeches of Iago? Each of the three biographers, whatever else he may have essayed, has helped us come closer, has sketched out one or two ideas of the creative mind in action that strike true when we go back to the plays, that seem to catch a responding gleam in the eyes of the ubiquitous Droeshout engraving.

Then, it seems we are near; but only for an instant. Then back to the frozen face, that locked-up wall of a forehead; or better yet (as Jonson reminded us in the Folio; "Reader, Looke not on his Picture, but his Booke") back to the endless design of the plays. Somewhere, in there, he is hiding: somewhere in those words we may find him. We are better armed now for the search, possessed (thanks to our authors) of a new sense of the view from his window, the scenes of his memories, the furniture of his upper mind; the facts that stood about him, solid as his chair. We should, ideally try to hold it all, the Warwickshire meadows, Elizabeth and Essex, the London streets; then turn quickly to the plays, and as we read—or listen —try to imagine ourselves writing, try to move into the mind, the hand, the scribbling pen. It is a maddeningly exhausting way, I grant, to read or watch Shakespeare; but it's the only way we'll ever find him. «»

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THE LETTERS OF MICHELANGELO. **Translated, edited, and annotated by E. H. Ramsden.** *Stanford University Press. 2 Volumes, $45.*

The weather of commemorative years is always windy, and this four hundredth anniversary of Michelangelo's death is no exception. Here in America we are spared the speeches, but in Italy all the art pundits and politicos ". . . come and go/Talking of Michelangelo." Soon a ship named after the great Tuscan will slide down the ways; movies will no doubt prove that he painted only while lying on his back; and troops of Americans will continue to enjoy a full seventy-five seconds of art-appreciation time (through a plastic bulletproof screen) as they are wafted on a moving platform past the Pietà at the World's Fair.

Michelangelo never wrote out any of his aesthetics; we have only Francesco de Hollanda's record of the conversations and we don't know how much is the Florentine's. Certainly Michelangelo was not given to talking in marmoreal phrases about his art. This greatest maker of monuments was not himself a monument. We need only read the correspondence to realize this, and for those unable to savor the original Italian, quite the happiest result of this fourth centenary is the publication of E. H. Ramsden's magnificent edition of the letters of Michelangelo in English translation. Based on the classic Milanesi edition of 1875, the two volumes comprise, in addition to Miss Ramsden's excellent translations of the correspondence, useful and pithy annotations to the letters, a long and thoughtful survey of the Master's life and times, some forty-four appendices dealing with a wide variety of Renaissance matters, and sixty full-page illustrations. A beautiful job of bookmaking, and a work moreover in the very best tradition of British scholarship: Miss Ramsden builds up her graceful, erudite structure of argument paragraph by paragraph without an excessively intrusive scaffolding of scholarly apparatus. She writes in a felicitous if somewhat pawky eighteenth-century style that steers its way with relentless no-nonsense through the blind fact-clogged shoals and myth-fogged open sea of theory that make up so much art history. Even when she is arguing with de Tolnay about the exact payments Michelangelo received for the Sistine ceiling or taking issue with some of Milanesi's dating of the letters, she manages to be witty. Her discussion of Michelangelo's sexual nature is a model of judicious if sometimes petulant common sense, and convincingly dispenses with those who insist that because Michelangelo was not normal he must have been a pederast. There is no evidence whatever that this is true; on the contrary, Michelangelo seems to have been physically attracted to women; and, as Miss Ramsden points out, it is highly unlikely that a practicing homosexual could have created the erotic, wholly female Aurora of the Medici tombs, or the lost Leda, so far as we can judge it by copies.

WHEN Miss Ramsden sets to work furnishing an English version of Michelangelo's gruff, edgy style, she puts aside her own balanced periods and elaborate witticisms. In his prose as in his great poetry, the Master hammered out his ideas with

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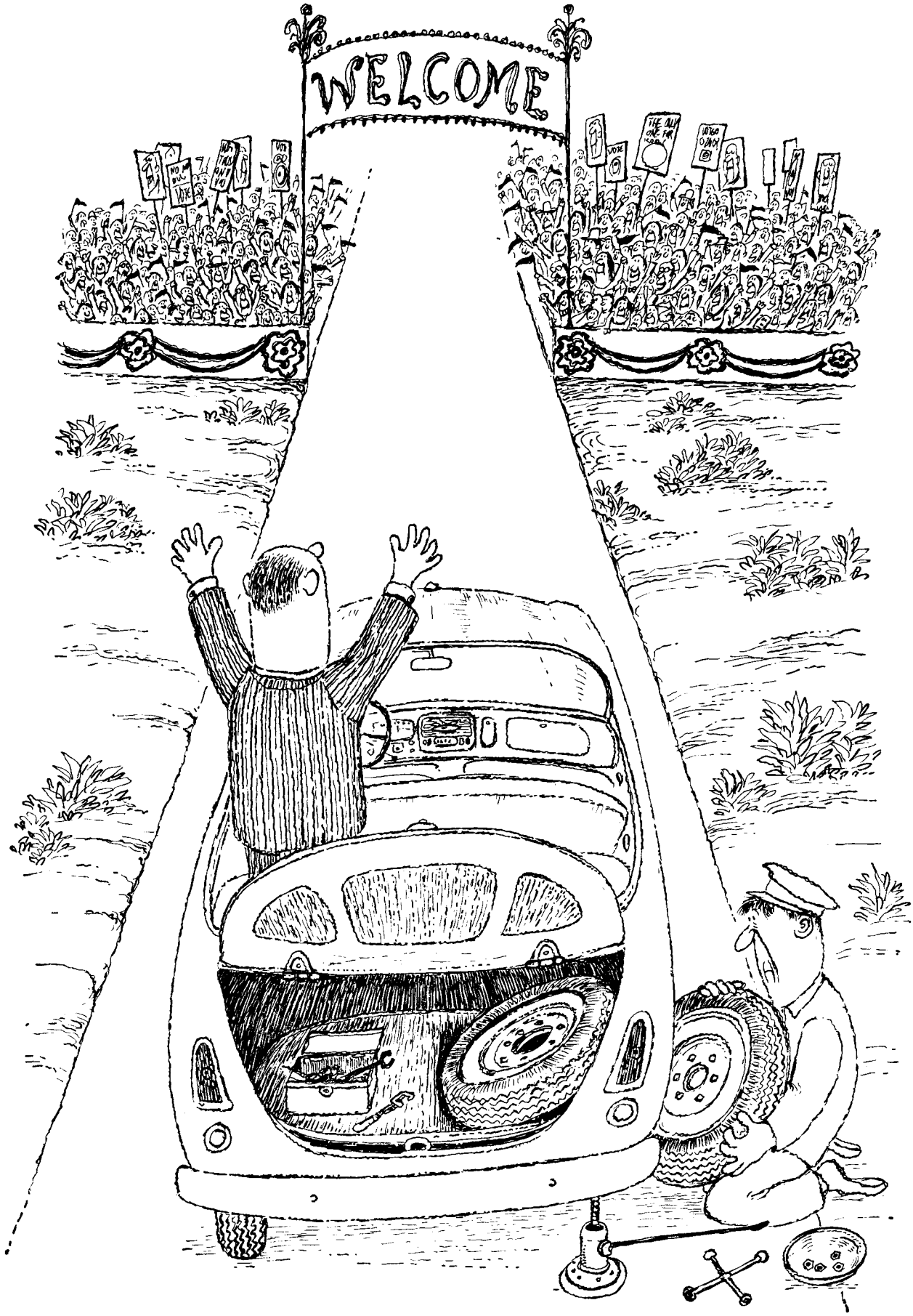

By Fernando Krahn

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a blunt mallet. These are not the letters of a Van Gogh explaining his purposes and his paintings. The burden of Michelangelo's letters is money, contracts, the difficulties of dealing with Popes, family quarrels and obligations, real-estate deals and speculations, politics (very obliquely referred to), premonitions, setting his worthless brothers up in business. Rarely if ever does he discuss the art which was his sole reason for existence. When he completes the Sistine vault after four years of hard labor, all he writes to his father is: "I have finished the chapel I have been painting; the Pope is very well satisfied. But other things have not turned out for me as I'd hoped. For this I blame the times, which are very unfavorable to our art. . . ." During those four years when he was creating the most stupendous cycle of paintings in western art, he persisted in signing his letters "Michelangelo Sculptor in Rome," as if in unassuaged anger at Pope Julius II, who had forced him to forgo the tomb on which he had set his heart and undertake an art which he never considered his. But although he complains endlessly of his discomforts and sacrifices, he never discusses painting or sculpture with his family, who weren't interested anyway, looking upon him merely as a source of income. And like most artists, then and now, even when writing to fellow craftsmen, he talks shop. The great dreams are jealously guarded; the artistic law of conservation of energy is at work: write to your fleshly father about the farm at Santo Stefano-in-Pane and to your Holy Father about payments and to Fra Jacopo about buying you some good azure for the fresco you have been forced to paint—and keep your dreams to yourself, your deepest images for the vault.

And yet these letters with no literary pretensions at all grow on me. I have been reading them on and off for more than ten years, and what began as a biographical source has become a living presence:

"So stay quietly and do not make friends or intimates of anyone, save God. . . . Attend only to your own affairs."

"As regards the Territory, don't get yourselves involved in any way, either by word or deed; act as in case of plague—be the first to flee."

"Now I'm certain that you are not my brother, because if you were, you would not threaten my father. On the contrary, you are a brute, and as a brute I shall treat you."

"I got the barrel of pears, which numbered eighty-six. I sent thirty-three of them to the Pope. . . . Tell the priest not to address me any more as 'Michelangelo sculptor,' because here I'm only known as Michelangelo Buonarroti . . . I was never a painter or sculptor like those who set up shop for that purpose." Again and again the letters end with *"non altro"*—"That's all," as Miss Ramsden puts it.

ONE WONDERS for whom a book of this kind is intended. If for Michelangelo scholars (and who else is likely to want to read *all* the almost five hundred letters?), then might we not assume that such a person would (or should) be able to read the correspondence in the original Italian? Even here in this most ambitious and elaborate presentation of the correspondence, we are not sure we possess *all* the existing letters written by Michelangelo Buonarroti.

Reposing in Florence at this moment are bundles of Michelangelo letters some of which have never been published anywhere. Scholars have long known that the late Giovanni Poggi, former Superintendent of Fine Arts in Tuscany and author of several highly respected short studies on Michelangelo, was preparing a "definitive" new edition of the correspondence. But the preparation went on for more than thirty years and never saw the light. Meanwhile Poggi sat on the letters, which were (and are) state property, as if they were his own. After Poggi's death the comedy reached its ultimate of the absurd, when his son in a public ceremony turned over the manuscripts to the Institute of Renaissance Studies at the Strozzi Palace—thus donating state property as a private gift to a private institution.

It is not likely that the Poggi letters (as they may be termed by squatter's rights) will contain much more than a minimal supplementation to the 495 (Milanesi's count) already known. The question is whether those few will cast new light or create new sensations. I suspect that the chief scandal to be offered by the unpublished correspondence is that it has remained so long unpublished.

MICHELANGELO defined sculpture as the art of "taking away"—that is, revealing the figure already contained within the block. Similarly, whoever seeks to re-create a life must also "take away": liberating the man as he was from legends and sanctifications that have grown up around him like an integument of marble. If we do this, chipping away at the crystallizations of awe, getting at the inner man first of all from his works, including the great spiritual autobiography of his poetry and then through the letters, a very human Michelangelo Buonarroti emerges: a shortish, stocky man with very broad shoulders, horn-colored eyes, broken nose, sparse forked beard; a both pusillanimous and courageous Florentine, talking back to Popes and kneeling to his commonplace burgher father; eagle-visioned in art and imprisoned in the nest of his family, suspicious in money matters, trembling like a schoolboy in the presence of a beautiful face, tense with unresolved contradictions, concerned about setting up his brothers in a wool shop the while he pours the most stupendous painting in western art on the vault of the Sistine. The more weaknesses and contradictions Michangelo seems to share with the rest of us, the more impressive looms his conquest of those weaknesses and resolution of those contradictions.

"Vorrei voler, Signor, quel ch'io non voglio"—"I would want to want, O Lord, that which I do not want." So begins one of his great sonnets. The clue to this man, the anguish that makes him so modern, is a constant struggle to resolve a perpetual Yes and No. The knotted imagery of his verses and the strained position of many of his figures are equally expressions of ambiguity.

"The visions of the painter are perpetuated in the vault; the cares of the man in his letters," Miss Ramsden declares in her introduction. Certainly in this case, the visions and the cares are inextricable, and to understand one we must

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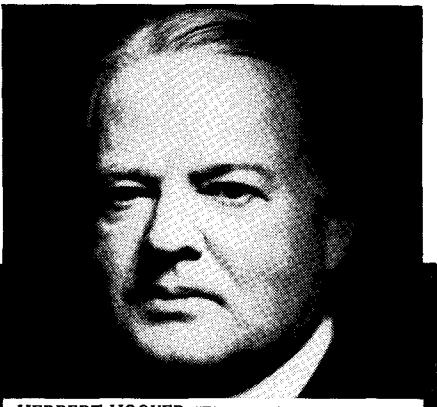
"United, there is little we cannot do..."



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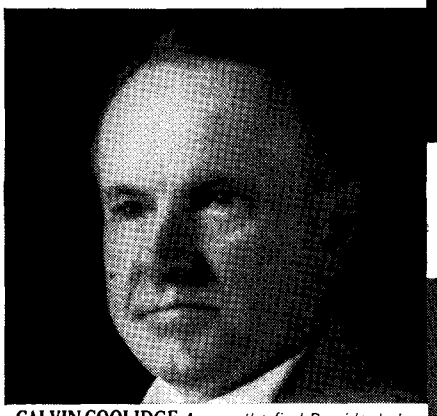

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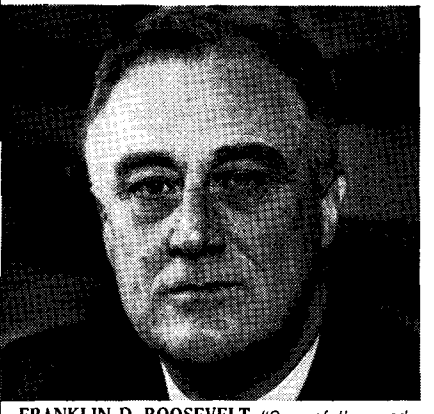

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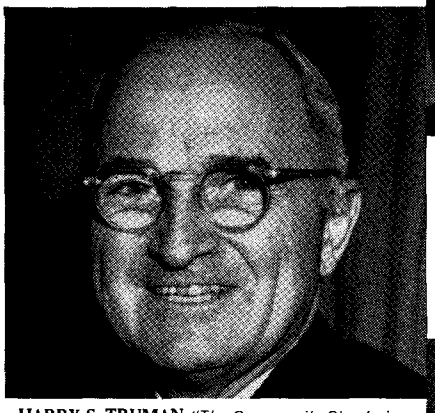

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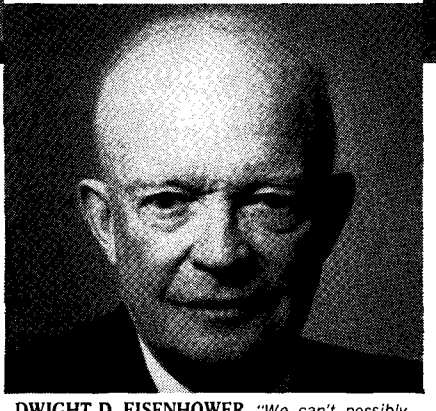

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understand the other. There are a few towering figures who must be known in the round—life and works. "If it be true that life has meaning in proportion to its form and that, like a work of art, in order to satisfy the conception of greatness, it, too, must be 'serious, complete and of a certain magnitude,' can it finally be said that as a man Michelangelo satisfied this conception? In answer to this question, let Vittoria Colonna be the last to speak, as she turns to him, saying, 'In Rome those who know you esteem you more than your works; those who do not know you, esteem the least part of you, even the work of your hands.' To which Michangelo replies, 'Perchance, Signora, you attribute to me more than I deserve . . .'" «»

4 Views of Rome

ANDREW M. GREELEY

THE PILGRIM, by Michael Serafian. *Farrar, Straus. $4.50.*

THE SECOND SESSION, by Xavier Rynne. *Farrar, Straus. $4.50.*

THE OPEN CHURCH, by Michael Novak. *Macmillan. $6.50.*

OBSERVER IN ROME, by Robert McAfee Brown. *Doubleday. $4.95.*

During the early weeks of September, the bishops of the Roman Catholic world entrusted their dioceses to anxious and harassed subordinates and ventured forth to the Eternal City for the third annual session of the Vatican II Ecumenical Council. Those Catholics unfortunate enough not to be in Rome for the council yet anxious to follow events there will keep a close watch on the press-association dispatches in the daily papers and the Catholic news-service dispatches in the weekly diocesan press. The former will be befuddled, the latter edifying, and neither will be very helpful. Yet, taken together, they will furnish a pretty good picture of what is *not* going on. The columnists in certain progressive Catholic journals will give at least a feel for Roman gossip. Finally, book-length studies of the session will appear a few months after the bishops have returned to their piles of correspondence: the books will contradict each other.

THE CONFUSION is not surprising. Ecumenical Councils don't happen very often, are large and cumbersome operations, and frequently result in compromise decisions from which many factions can take comfort. In addition, rumor and intrigue have flourished for some three millennia in Rome and have reached a state of perfection unmatched in the rest of the world. Just as James Reston and Arthur Krock can produce very different analyses of what is going on in Washington, so "Michael Serafian" and "Xavier Rynne" can turn out "inside" reports on the Vatican Council which make it seem like two very different events; these two writers can contradict each other with infinite ease because the Vatican Council makes the operations of the U.S. Senate with its committees and subcommittees look astonishingly uncomplicated.

Serafian (a pseudonym) argues that Pope Paul VI decided toward the end of the last session that while the Church must be modernized, a council was not the best way to do it and that he would organize the reform his own way. Rynne (pseudonym also), on the other hand, maintains that there has been no change in Papal policy from the reign of Pope John and that Paul was merely continuing the Johannine policies, but respecting the freedom of debate of the council fathers—a debate that often took on the appearance of a filibuster. Michael Novak, in the most scholarly and perceptive of the three books, takes something of a middle position; he feels that there is a definite shift of emphasis between the two Papal reigns and regrets that Pope Paul did not take action to break the deadlock the "conservative" minority was able to impose on the "liberal" majority. Though he is hopeful of more from the third session, it is clear that he fears the *aggiornamento*, or modernization, initiated by Pope John XXIII, has been drastically curtailed. Robert McAfee Brown is a witty and insightful Protestant observer whose diary is easily the most delightful account of conciliar events; but he too grows less optimistic in his concluding entries.

Even though the perspectives and the interpretations of the four writers differ drastically, one can gather certain common themes. First of all, the style of the present Pope is very different from that of his predecessor. Second, the machinery of the council is not suited to the ordinary kind of parliamentary progress, and hence the apparent will of the majority can be ignored—at least for a time. Third, the failure to vote on the religious-liberty and anti-Semitism chapters during the final days of the council was a bitter disappointment, at least to the Americans present. Fourth, there was the feeling among quite a few people in Rome at the conclusion of the session that Pope Paul had somehow or other let the "liberals" down.

UNLIKE the four authors, I do not have the "inside story" and have no idea what went on in the Pope's mind (Serafian apparently does—or did he have a tape recorder hidden in the Papal apartments?). However, there is some reason to suspect that Paul is doing—in his own fashion—what John would have had to do anyhow, what the sociologists would call fashioning a consensus. The recent Papal encyclical gives the very strong impression that Paul is trying to build up a "concurrent majority," that he feels that the reforming impulses his predecessor unloosed must be acceptable to a broad spectrum of churchmen if they are to be effective in the long run. Some observers see his encyclical as a step backward from the Johannine vision; I find it very difficult to interpret the document in this fashion. None of the Johannine ideas are absent, although they are juxtaposed with an awareness that the institutionalization of the *aggiornamento* must take time. It would seem that Paul would like

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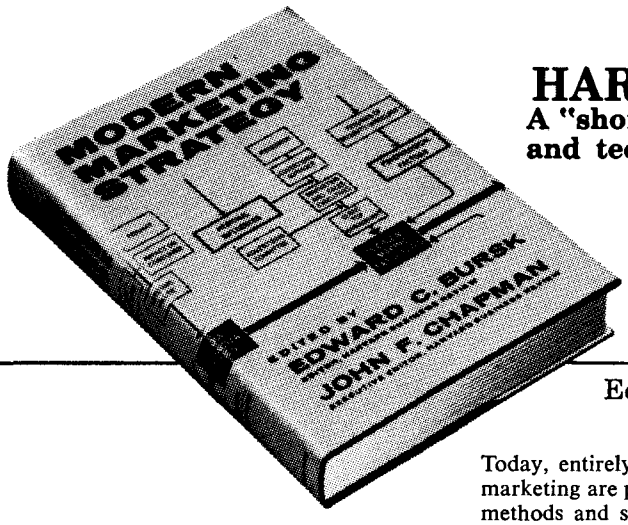

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to keep social conflict within the Church at a minimum even if harmony means that stirring words must be muted and change must be slowed down somewhat.

In this perspective, the events of the closing weeks of the last session make much more sense. As one man who was there pointed out to me (I quote an "expert" with the "inside story" because he happens to agree with my interpretation), the reason for not voting on the Jewish and religious-liberty issues was quite obvious: it was not clear to the Pope that he had the votes. To have fallen somewhat short of the two-thirds majority would have been a disaster. Paul preferred to put off the vote to the next session so a more favorable climate of opinion could develop (as it did toward the vernacular liturgy between the first and second sessions). His recent promise that there would be a vote on the religious-liberty chapter and assurances from Cardinal Bea that there would be a vote on a new Jewish chapter—whose tentative wording will incite wide debate—indicate that now the votes are to be had. Of course the Pope could have rammed the two topics down the throats of the minority, but, as Rynne observes, why then bother to have a council?

In this interpretation, it seems reasonably clear what will happen during the next few months and at further sessions should they occur. Documents will be approved that will be reasonably satisfactory to the liberals and with which the old guard can live. As my informant, who is anything but a conservative, observed, "The schemas will be twenty-five years behind the times, but this will put us a couple of hundred years ahead of where we were; if a council is going to be acceptable to most of the Church, it must follow the most progressive developments and not be ahead of them."

THERE ARE a number of signs that this is an accurate reading of the situation: the last of the prominent theologians, such men at the Jesuit Scripture scholars Zerwick and Lyonnet, who had not been permitted to teach have been restored to their teaching positions; the freedom of research of the Biblical scholars has been reaffirmed; Jan G. N. Willebrands, the ecumenical expert for Cardinal Bea, has been made a bishop; contacts with the Greek Orthodox Church and Protestantism have been improved; the "liberal" Cardinals from beyond the Alps are apparently quite pleased with the condition of the principal conciliar drafts—the documents on the Church, Ecumenicism, the Role of the Bishop, and the Church in the World; theologians like Karl Rahner are urging the council not to try to settle everything but to leave many matters open for further discussion; the Pope has streamlined somewhat the procedures of the council and has made it clear that he does not intend to cut it off until the bishops feel that their work is done. The end of the council will see the Church of Rome substantially modernized but with much more to be done. The critical question is whether the work of continued reform will be left entirely in the hands of the Roman Curia, which is something less than enthusistic about drastic change, or whether postconciliar commissions made up of representative bishops of the world will be given responsibility for some of this work. If his handling of the implementation of the one major constitution already promulgated—the one on the Sacred Liturgy—is any sign, Pope Paul will choose the second alternative. In this case, even Michael Serafian will have little to complain about.

From the sociological viewpoint, little more can be expected from a world parliament of the Catholic Church; and those writers who raise false hopes for more are doing no one a service. Pope John did not start the currents of reform. They had been surging in the Church—with the general approval of his predecessors—for several decades. His council did bring these currents to the surface and make them legitimate. By so doing the council has already been a great success; it will also shape the development of the forces of reform for the next several decades; to a considerable extent it has already succeeded in this respect too because it has introduced a new openness and flexibility in the Church of Rome which represent the official end of the Counter Reformation and *the beginning* of the Age of Ecumenicism.

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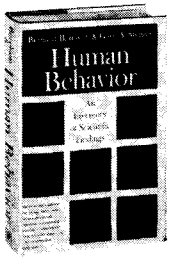

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